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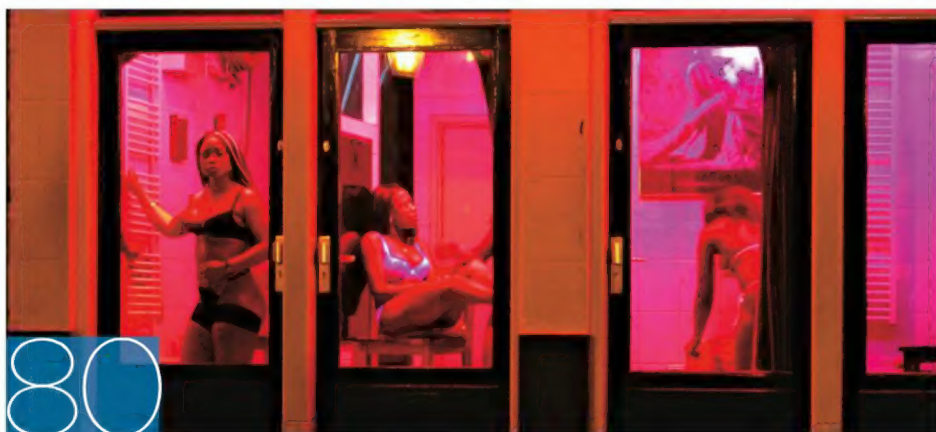
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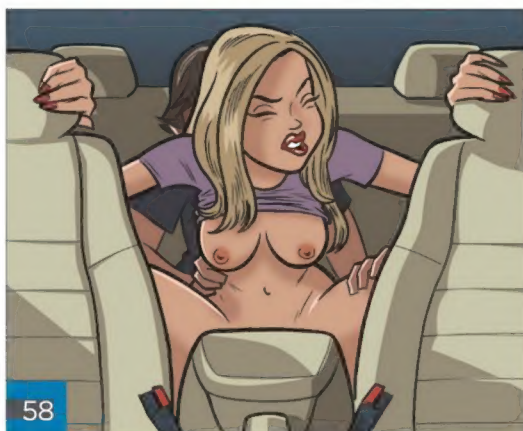
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How dare Stauer break the unwritten rule in Switzerland? Chaos erupted at this year's Basel watch fair. The watchmaking elite attacked me in French, German and Italian (with the occasional British accent), outraged that Stauer would engineer a luxury Swiss-made timepiece for under \$100. They said it couldn't be done, but we did it anyway. Now you get to wear the spectacular Swiss-Made **Stauer Bienne** for **ONLY \$99!**

Join the luxury revolution. The crown princes of watchmaking worried that their exorbitant yacht vacations in Monaco would be in jeopardy. For years they convinced the world that Swiss luxury should cost THOUSANDS. But in reality, those thousands went to Swiss bank accounts, six-figure supermodels and ski chalets and NOT into the engineering of the watches. Shame on them. It's time for a change. You deserve it.

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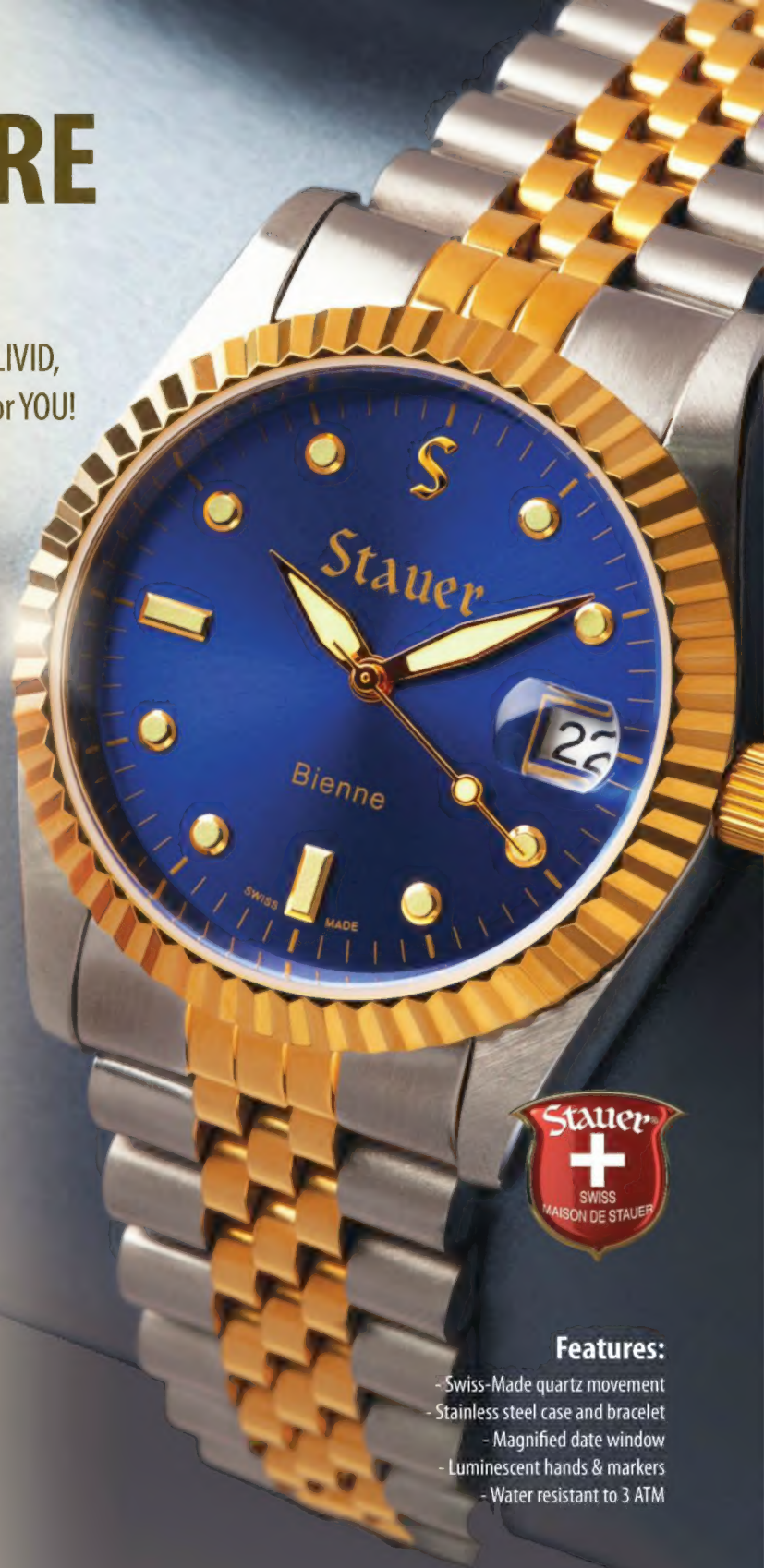
The industry cursed me but the buyers were thrilled. It was like the walls came down and watch lovers were set free. The cabal was broken. Now everyone can experience the cachet of a genuine Swiss timepiece. Next I'll begin work on the 20-room mansion for \$30,000 and an Italian sports car for \$3,300. How about a private jet for \$12,000? If we can break the Swiss price by this much, who knows what's next?

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COMPANY OUTING

In preparation for our company's summer outing of games and team-building exercises, we were all given group assignments.

I was dreading the entire thing until I realized my group included the walking, talking wet dream named Elise. We work in different departments, so I rarely interacted with her, but I was always on the lookout for her. I knew she was married, but that didn't stop my cock from going into full-alert mode whenever I saw her or heard her sexy voice. Nor did it keep me from learning as much about her as I could, like the fact that she'd recently split with her husband.

When we were asked to carpool, I shamelessly conspired to make a ride with me sound as appealing as I could, and promised her great coffee. Although she had already received several offers, she happily gave me her address and phone number.

On the day of the picnic, Elise and I partnered up for all the exercises, and I thought we were getting along really well by the time the lunch buffet had been set up. They'd put out picnic baskets in case some groups wanted to have lunch out on the grounds. When Elise began filling a basket with food, my first thought was that she wanted us to have lunch with the team, but thankfully we were both on the same horny wavelength.

After grabbing a couple of sodas and some napkins, she left the buffet table, grabbed my hand, and led me back to my car. As soon as we got in, she slid her hand around my

neck, pulled me toward her, and rammed her tongue down my throat in a hard, searing kiss. Neither of us were concerned about our gawking coworkers as we drove off with our picnic lunch.

When I asked her where we were headed, she told me to take her back to my house. I put the pedal to the metal and broke several speed limits. All during the drive, Elise's hand worked my swollen cock, stroking the hard length through my shorts, while she kissed me and tugged my ear between her teeth. God, I couldn't wait to sink my dick into her pussy.

I almost drove up onto the curb, haphazardly parking before stumbling out of the car to get Elise inside as quickly as humanly possible. I even left the basket in the car, and had to double back to get it when she reminded me.

Inside, I dropped the basket in the living room and we started tugging off each other's clothes. I pulled her down on the sofa and was totally prepared to dive into her hot pussy, but Elise reached for my cock while telling me to save the foreplay for later—she wanted me to fuck her hard and fast. So that's just what I did.

I grabbed my cock, placed the head at her pussy, and, with one swift stroke, was buried to the root. She

wrapped her long legs around me while I hammered her cunt, and egged me on by moaning "harder, harder," over and over.

The frantic friction of her cunt muscles sucking and dragging my cock in and out had me on the edge in no time. Not wanting to come before Elise, I reached between us and used my thumb to apply pressure to her clit. That particular maneuver has never failed me, and this time was no different. She went off like a rocket, her muscles milking my dick as I started to pull out.

"No!" she screamed, clutching me to her. "Come in my pussy, Mike! I want to feel you coming inside my pussy!"

I quickly thrust back in as the first jolt of the orgasm hit. Feeling each shot of jizz as it shot out of my cock and into her pussy was practically mind-altering. I barely had enough sense not to drop my full weight on her before rolling to the side and pulling her with me. But in the aftermath, I realized that I hadn't even taken the time to appreciate the body I'd been coveting for months. I'd given her what she wanted, but promised myself that the next round would be on my terms.

When we'd caught our breath, Elise dragged the picnic basket over and we sat on the floor, feeding each other pieces of fried chicken and

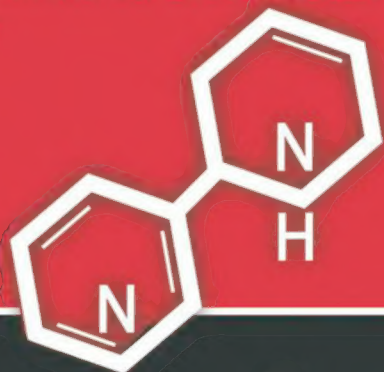
I was buried to the root. She wrapped her long legs around me while I hammered her cunt.

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potato chips, eating any stray crumbs off each other's body. For dessert, I told Elise to lie on her back and I crumbled a couple of the chocolate-chip cookies, leaving a trail of crumbs from her neck down to her twat. Then I took the time to admire my work before licking up each crumb from her body. By the time I finished, she was writhing and twitching and ready for me to fuck her again.

We had the best time that afternoon—and the entire weekend. When Monday rolled around, it was business as usual. My friends wanted to know all the dirty details, but Elise and I had agreed that we'd neither confirm nor deny that we'd hooked up, and that as long as we were still working in the same office, we'd act as if nothing had changed. But outside the office, we still screw whenever and wherever we want. So far it's working out just fine.—M.A., Connecticut



A Friend in Need

I had just split with this guy I'd been seeing for a couple of months, and it hit me kind of hard. I'd thought things were going well, but then he told me he was getting back together with some old girlfriend. To cheer me up, one of my friends invited me to a sex-toy party. Having never been to one, I jumped at the invitation.

I ordered quite a few items, including some I'd never seen before but had heard about. When the box arrived, I poured myself some wine, opened it up, and spread everything out on the coffee table. Just looking at the items made me horny, and I couldn't wait to try out one of the vibrating dildos.

I had on panties and an oversize T-shirt left behind by my ex-boyfriend. I pulled off the panties, but left the shirt on. Then I inserted batteries in the dildo and turned it on, testing out the different levels of intensity. *What a blast*, I thought, as I touched the tip to my clit and felt the thrill of the vibration right to my core. My pussy was wet, just craving a good fucking, as I was way overdue. I'd just pushed the dildo into my wanton cunt when the doorbell rang.

Startled by the sudden noise, I froze with the vibrating dildo still halfway in my cooch. Just then I remembered I hadn't locked the front door and that my best friend was supposed to stop by to return some money I'd lent her.

I was able to remove the vibe from my twat, but didn't have enough time to sweep the rest of the toys off the table and under the rug, so to speak.

Tracy walked into the living room as I was stuffing my panties and the dildo between the sofa cushions. Judging by the smirk on her face, she'd caught the tail end of my not-so-sleight-of-hand movements. Then she took in the various objects on the table.

"Having a little playtime, are we?" she asked, picking up the butt plug and flipping it up in the air, then catching it one-handed before setting it back on the table.

I was at a loss for words, and, in the ensuing silence, the low rumble of

the dildo, which I'd neglected to turn off, could still be heard. Tracy came toward me and pulled out the dildo, which was still covered with traces of my cunt juice.

"I see you've already been testing this one," she said. Then, to my surprise, she brought the dildo to her lips and licked a path from the base to the head, before expertly deep-throating the whole thing.

"Let's see how well this baby works," she added, taking a seat next to me on the sofa.

Still stunned at having been caught masturbating in the middle of the day, I didn't protest when Tracy removed my shirt, pushed me back against the arm of the sofa, and spread my legs. I watched as she greedily licked the dildo, getting it good and slick, and then she slid a finger inside me. I moaned and pushed my hips, trying to get more of her finger in me, but she quickly replaced it with the vibrating dildo and slowly fucked me with it.

I couldn't believe my best friend was fucking me, nor could I get over how amazing and satisfying it felt. She knew just how to work it, and all the right spots to hit. I cupped my breasts, teasing and twisting my nipples as she steadily thrust the vibe in and out, cooing and telling me how good she was going to make me feel, how hard she was going to make me come, and any initial reservations or embarrassment I'd felt at having been caught became a very distant memory. I was lost in the lustful sensations she was drawing out of me, and ultimately I surrendered to the near-violent orgasm that ripped through my body.

When I was able to focus again, Tracy was smiling at me, and the only thing I could think to do was pull her toward me for a passionate kiss that went on and on, until we were both completely naked.

When we stopped, it was to look over the rest of my purchases and select something else to try. Unfortunately, we exhausted ourselves before we'd gotten through half of them, but Tracy and I figured we could set aside a little playtime over the next few days, so I'm sure I'll have more toy stories to write about.—A.L., Louisiana

I pushed my hips, trying to get more of her finger in me, but she replaced it with the dildo and fucked me with it.

More letters on page 130



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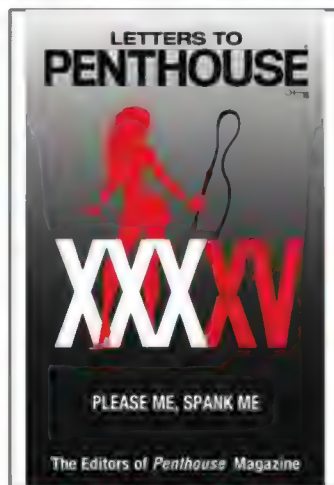
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FEARSOME THREESOMES

Masked men are fighting for your entertainment dollars, from the trio of playable badass bank robbers in the bigger-than-ever open world of *Grand Theft Auto V* (left) to home invaders looking to lure you into the theater for the horror flick *You're Next* (right). Watch your back.





Grand Theft Auto V

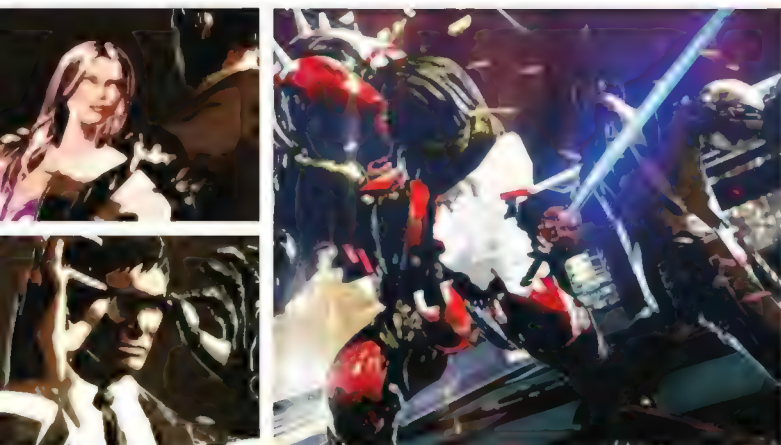
ROCKSTAR GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3)



Shark bites and Jet Ski mishaps join vehicular manslaughter and gunshot wounds on the long list of life-ending perils in the latest and largest installment of gaming's most notorious open-world series. Whereas 2008's *GTA IV* eliminated extravehicular activities and shrank the setting to just one city, this swan-song chapter on the current-generation consoles unleashes players in a world larger than Rockstar's past three games combined, complete with a sprawling countryside, a wildlife ecosystem red in tooth and claw, and enough off-road distractions to fill their own game. Skydiving, ATV racing, and other mini games absent from *GTA IV* return, along with new and ludicrous side activities: yoga, golf, tennis, scuba diving, and more.

Instead of a single protagonist,

GTA V features an ensemble of three characters with interconnected storylines. At any time, players can hop among middle-age bank robber Michael, his trailer-trash ex-partner Trevor, and repo-man Franklin. Most missions revolve around setting up and executing elaborate heists right out of a Michael Mann flick, and each antihero possesses specialized skills that are handy for particular situations. You can even hire henchmen to help with the bigger hauls. Fewer hired hands, however, means you'll have a bigger payday to buy property and manage your criminal empire across the city of Los Santos, a freak-filled parody of Los Angeles. Unlike in previous *GTA* installments, the entire world here is open to exploration from the outset, so you can BASE jump off shit or dive for shipwrecked treasure ASAP. Keep in mind that we weren't kidding about the shark bites.

**KILLER IS DEAD****MARVELOUS USA (XBOX 360, PS3)**

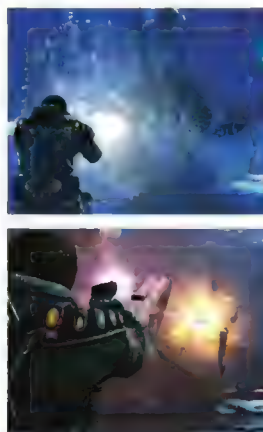
The phrase “armed and dangerous” takes on new meaning in this surreal and ultraviolent brawler from the twisted Japanese studio behind *Lollipop Chainsaw* and *No More Heroes*. You play an “executioner” named Mondo, a gun-for-hire whose left arm has been lopped off and replaced with a bulging bionic pile driver that bashes through walls and transforms into a cannon for long-range attacks. Wielding a katana in your right hand, you slice, smash, and blast your way through hordes of similarly biomechanically augmented foes running amok in a stylized cyberpunk world. A special “gigolo mode” requires that you seduce the women Mondo meets throughout the story, meaning you’ll score points as a lover as well as a fighter.

**MADDEN NFL 25****EA SPORTS (XBOX 360, PS3)**

You’d think EA Sports would be running on empty when it comes to refining fresh ideas for the 25th installment of its powerhouse pigskin series, but “running” is actually the most apt term for the latest improvements. The running game has been vastly enhanced, with faster and more natural player-direction changes and carriers smart enough to sidestep blockers. Ball haulers can now combine up to 30 new running moves—stiff arms, juke spins, truck spins—while sprinting through defenders. Returning after a long absence is the owner’s mode, which lets you run every aspect of the franchise, from hiring coaches to managing your stadium’s bathroom cleanliness. Maybe that’s not the “running” game you had in mind, but you can’t fault *Madden* for trying.

**SPLINTER CELL BLACKLIST****UBISOFT (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii U, PC)**

An axis of freedom-hating nations kicks off a series of increasingly destructive terrorist attacks, and fortunately series hero Sam Fisher is not quite too old for this shit. He’ll spend the game foiling each far-flung plot with the optional assistance of a young-gun second banana controlled by player two. As in past *Splinter Cell* operations, the shadows are Fisher’s friends. He’ll shoot out lights and switch on night vision to sneak behind evildoers and dispose of them in silent-but-violent ways (snapping spines, shoving ‘em out windows, etc.). The Spies vs. Mercs mode returns with a dose of deep-strategy death matching between teams of four gadget-wielding spies and heavily armed guards. Persevere past the steep learning curve and you’ll be glad you enlisted.

**LOST PLANET 3****CAPCOM (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)**

While typical sci-fi shooters let players lock and load as space marines or intergalactic mercenaries, *LP3* takes the blue-collar approach—with a badass twist. You play an ordinary Joe who signs up for a mining stint on a frozen planet. It’s a dangerous world, infested with bug monsters and so damn cold that miners harvest radioactive minerals to keep toasty. Your character starts the game working for the man, but he soon ends up embroiled in a rebellion against the evil parent company. Mining tools double as weapons in third-person battles, and you’ll also put plenty of mileage on your mech-like “rig” as you stomp aliens and smash corporate cronies. Don’t feel lost if you skipped the previous *Lost Planet* titles. This prequel wipes the series’ story slate clean. **A-**





FLICKS

REVIEWS



Summertime Blue

An all-star cast leads *Blue Jasmine*, Woody Allen's portrait of a pampered housewife's crisis after her husband turns out to be a Bernie Madoff-like crook.



Blue Jasmine

Cate Blanchett, Alec Baldwin, Bobby Cannavale, Louis C.K.

Everyone flipped out when Woody Allen, after a decade of making limp comedies even your parents couldn't love, got his groove back with *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* and, a few years later, the fleet, sexy *Midnight in Paris*. Wouldn't it be something, though, if the Woodman once again scaled the dramatic heights of 1989's *Crimes and Misdemeanors*? That moment has arrived: Blanchett leads a jaw-dropping cast in Allen's stealth-meltdown movie, a dark San Francisco tragedy with *A Streetcar Named Desire* in its DNA. Accustomed to the finer things in life, Jasmine (Blanchett) reels in a haze of alcohol and chipper denial after her wealthy husband (Baldwin) turns out to be a Bernie Madoff-type embezzler. Trying to rebuild her life with the patient help of her sister, Ginger (a heartbreaking Sally Hawkins), Jasmine still can't shed a deeply ingrained phoniness. All of the performances yield subtle riches. Sure, Woody doesn't forget a laugh or two (Louis C.K. and Andrew Dice Freaking Clay are in it, after all), but he's onto bigger game: This is his most ambitious movie in decades.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF MERRICK MORTON/GRAVIER PRODUCTIONS/SONY PICTURES CLASSICS



Prince Avalanche
Paul Rudd, Emile Hirsch

Maybe your summer job is lousy enough that you'll want to escape into a movie about two dudes painting lines on Texas roads. If not, and even if you're surrounded by air-conditioning and cute interns, we say give this one a shot: There are many pleasures to be had in David Gordon Green's quiet dramedy, which is a significant step away from his stoner comedies (*Pineapple Express*, *Your Highness*), but suffused with his brand of gentle humor and the comic tensions of a well-observed male friendship. The two unpredictable lead performances from Rudd (darker) and Hirsch (lighter) carry the film.



You're Next
Sharni Vinson, Nicholas Tucci, A. J. Bowen

Generally speaking, horror movies come in two flavors: Sometimes, audiences want deadly serious and highly gory; other times, they like their shocks leavened with humor, irony, and a malicious sense of play. After years of the former, it looks like the pendulum is swinging back to the *Scream* side of things, as this razor-tongued comedy/thriller suggests. It's a tale of home invasion, with creepy, mask-wearing bad guys penetrating the country manse of the well-to-do Davison family. The besieged clan of snobs looks like sitting ducks—until one of their guests shows a homicidal streak as wide as the killers'. Who will survive dinner—and what will be left of their inheritance?

PREVIEWS



Elysium
Matt Damon, Jodie Foster

Many Hollywood types wanted to be in business with South African writer/director Neill Blomkamp after he produced 2009's *District 9* on a tiny budget and rode that film's cult appeal to four Oscar nominations. Blomkamp's follow-up, also a sci-fi flick, has big stars in Damon and Foster, and a huge budget, but it retains Blomkamp's intuitive feel for sociopolitical class divisions: In 2154, the wealthiest people live high above the planet in a pristine floating city while the have-nots rough it out on war-ravaged Earth. This could be the thinking person's summer blockbuster.



The World's End
Simon Pegg, Martin Freeman, Nick Frost

Brits know a few things about lager and endless pub crawls. And judging by the fizzy comedies of English director Edgar Wright, they also have a sharp understanding of horror and action movies. In his latest, Wright combines both fields of expertise: This is a sci-fi comedy that sets five middle-aged buddies on a beer-soaked reunion pub crawl ("the Golden Mile: 12 pubs, 12 pints"). A genre mashup like Wright's *Shaun of the Dead* and *Hot Fuzz*, this one involves alien robots bent on world destruction, starting, of course, in the sleepy village where the pub crawl takes place. We suspect the apocalypse goes down better with a buzz. **A-**



FLICKS

INTERVIEW

TWO-LANE BLACKTOP

David Gordon Green talks about his latest comedy, *Prince Avalanche*, starring Paul Rudd and Emile Hirsch as a pair of squabbling laborers painting lines on a highway in remote Texas.

After making a splash with his 2000 debut, *George Washington*—a poetic slice of small-town life that felt like the second coming of Terrence Malick—writer/director David Gordon Green has made a habit of defying expectations. The 38-year-old Texan made a small-town romance (*All the Real Girls*), a thriller (*Undertow*), and a drama (*Snow Angels*) before taking a left turn into broad comedy with 2008's *Pineapple Express*. He also launched the raunchy HBO comedy *Eastbound & Down* that year, and hasn't really left that terrain (at least as a director) since, creating the stoner flick *Your Highness* and the *Adventures in Babysitting* homage *The Sitter* in 2011. Through it all, though, Green hasn't lost his feel for relaxed conversations between real people. Now he takes a step back to his low-budget, independent roots with this month's *Prince Avalanche*, a funny, well-acted flick about a pair of road workers bickering on the job during a sweltering Texas summer.

We caught up with Green by phone (he was scouting locations for another season of *Eastbound & Down*) to chat about studio interference, flexing all the creative muscles, and his worst summer jobs.

Your new movie is about two guys doing summer roadwork in the hot sun, getting on each other's nerves. What's the appeal here?

It's a deceptively simple concept, right? The seemingly mundane process of painting colorful lines across a bleak stretch of highway. It was a chance to explore two characters with intimacy and humor. Rather than hit on the traditional structure of most commercial movies, I got to make a film under the radar about the strange little tics of a relationship. That's what I'm most excited about.

It helps when you have two stars like Paul Rudd and Emile Hirsch, both of whom dive into the language wholeheartedly.

It was a real privilege to find actors willing to roll up their sleeves and work in the ashes and heat of our Texas location without personal trailers. We shot in May of last year and, by then, it's already spicy-hot: 90s, 100 degrees. Those guys were really dedicated to making something unique. It's what drew them to the

project, and what made them afraid, too, because a movie like this depends on chemistry. Fortunately, from the second I got them in a room, I knew we could do it.

The movie is made with a real eye for workplace monotony. You must have had some shit summer jobs.

My worst summer job—or best, because I got paid a lot—was laying insulation in attics. Since I'm a pretty short guy, I was hired by a developer to crawl up into people's attics with fiberglass in the heat of the summer in North Carolina. There's nothing hotter than attics and itchy insulation.

I'm sorry just hearing about it.

I did that job during the day, and at night, I would dunk doorknobs in acid. I could only work this second job a few hours a week because we were exposed to toxic chemicals: I would put chrome doorknobs that had flaws in a basket, and I'd wear a hazmat suit and dunk them. The acid would eat off the bronze, and then I'd hand them to the next guy. I would go from one really horrific job to another.

So making medieval comedies with Natalie Portman can't be that bad. Was there a Zen peacefulness to menial labor like doorknob-dunking?

Oh, yeah. It was that summer that I conceived and started saving money for my first film, *George Washington*. Half of me was trying to escape and the other half was really appreciating the creative opportunity of where your mind strays—but not too far, or you'll get burned.

The new film feels a lot like *George Washington* and the earlier, indie part of your career. In recent years, you've made some big-budget comedies, such as *Pineapple Express*, *The Sitter*, and *Your Highness*. Do you prefer one mode to the other?

I look at it like a guy who goes to the gym. If I'm just there to work my biceps, I'm going to look really lopsided. Professionally, I need to exercise my curiosity as much as anything. Sometimes I need to make movies that are lighthearted, just for sanity's sake. I use my profession like other people use therapy.

***Prince Avalanche*, I understand, was shot in total secrecy, as if you needed a career reset.**

It wasn't such a strategic analysis of my career. But what has been frustrating the past few years is letting a lot of other cooks into the kitchen. Some of them you know, some of them you don't—and some of them you don't even like. This time, it was an opportunity to really strip down, simplify, and analyze the process that made me enthusiastic in the first place: working with great actors, handpicking a really top-notch crew of people there for the love,



not the money—and really getting to the heart and soul of passionate moviemaking.

You also set the film in 1987, and we reap the benefits via some wild mustaches and dorky clothes.

That period is not only funny and nostalgic for me, but it also was a great device to limit the communication and really isolate these two guys. They're not going to Skype their loved ones on the weekends. They're stuck out there with each other. More than now, people had to look face-to-face with those they worked with. I came from an upbringing of riding your bike around the streets and knowing who your neighbors were. There was something really nice—less sarcastic, less ironic—about the way you would interact with people, because you were more accountable. Now you can hide behind a blog and no one knows who you are. But a fake smile didn't get you very far on my block.

What are some of the other films you've daydreamed about making? I know you came close to doing an update of Dario Argento's *Suspiria*.

That one's been pretty much exhausted. Expensive, operatic, and vividly violent horror films aren't in demand at the moment. I do have a dream project—I don't think it will ever be made, certainly not appropriately. There's a Nick Cave book called *And the Ass Saw the Angel* that's really profound. I read it years ago and just fell in love with it. It has a perspective of the American South through Nick Cave's eyes: very poetic, very bleak, almost caricature. It would be amazing. And because it's Nick's voice, you know the music would flow once the characters started talking. That's a project I'm saving for the day when the gods are smiling upon me and the studios say: What do you want to do next, kid?

We have to ask: What does the title *Prince Avalanche* mean?

It doesn't mean anything. Honestly, I had a dream that I made a movie called *Prince Avalanche*, and when I woke up, I thought, *That's a kick-ass title*. I really need to come up with a better explanation, though. ☹️

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID GORDON GREEN
AVAILANCHE: MAGNOLIA PICTURES, P
COLLECTION, (EASTBOUND & DOWN)



REVIEWS



It's Gonna Be Epic, Man

This month's releases provide adrenaline overload, an intergalactic war, the ultimate road trip, and a band that was punk before punk was punk.



G.I. JOE: RETALIATION

When you have Bruce Willis and the Rock sharing a marquee, you know it's going to be a victory for testosterone. In this sequel to 2009's *The Rise of Cobra*, villainous Zartan has disguised himself as the president, framed the Joe team for stealing nuclear warheads, taken out most of the team in a military strike, and put Cobra in charge of protecting the country. Team Joe has to take down Zartan and clear their names. It's mindless and gratuitously violent, and a lot of shit blows up—which makes it the perfect addition to your Blu-ray collection. Extras include behind-the-scenes info on the crazy stunts and action sequences.



BATTLESTAR GALACTICA: 35TH ANNIVERSARY

When Glen Larson dreamed up *Battlestar Galactica* in the late 1960s, he couldn't get anyone to put money behind it. Then in 1977 *Star Wars* hit theaters and network execs took a second look at a show set in a galaxy far, far away. *BSG* kicked off a year later with a three-hour epic called "Saga of a Star World." It was set a few millennia in the future, when humans are scattered among 12 worlds and under attack from a cybernetic race; the kind-of-campy pilot followed the titular spacecraft on its quest to find refuge on Earth. This edition is said to feature only the edited theatrical version with the original ending (the full version, with the altered ending and tacked-on epilogue, is included in the series box set), making it for completists only.



ON THE ROAD

It took 55 years for someone to have the balls to turn the beatnik bible into a movie. Francis Ford Coppola bought the rights to the story—about a bored writer who joins an ex-con and his sexually liberated wife on an epic road trip—back in 1979. Screenwriters were hired and fired. Marlon Brando, Brad Pitt, and Colin Farrell were all slated to play the ex-con at some point. Funding was cut when the economy tanked. Finally, after around 20 drafts, screenwriter Jose Rivera wrote a script that stuck. And after all that, reviews were still mixed—but Kristen Stewart goes topless and gives simultaneous handjobs to her road-trip buddies, so we give it two thumbs up. And hey, seeing the American landscape in high-def might just make you want to pack your bags and fill up the tank.



A BAND CALLED DEATH

In the early 1970s, a Detroit band called Death—an R&B trio that changed their tune after seeing an Alice Cooper show—set out to bring punk music to the masses. They failed, the band fell apart, and disco took over instead. When their demo resurfaced a few decades later, punk fans realized that—holy shit!—these guys were making punk music when Sid Vicious was still a schoolboy. This documentary chronicles the bizarre noncareer of the band that accidentally invented Afro-punk, and is a must-have for any self-respecting music nerd.

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SOUNDS

REVIEW



QUALITY CONTROL

Esteemed indie-rock vets Superchunk keep the bar high on their latest, the meditative, high-energy *I Hate Music*.



Superchunk
I Hate Music
Merge
★★★½

Contrary to the title of their tenth studio album, Superchunk has so much faith in music they half expect it to be able to raise the dead. And why not? They've always lunged into their exhilarating pop-punk anthems with life-and-death urgency, and music has formed the backbone of their lives for more than two decades. Here, they look back on that time, and yes, they are pissed that songs can't perform miracles—"I hate music/ What is it worth?/ Can't bring anyone back to this Earth," Mac McCaughan sings on "Me & You & Jackie Mittoo." But they also revel in the everyday wonders music has brought them. On the after-party snapshot "Trees of Barcelona," McCaughan sings about "playing covers for our Spanish sisters and brothers," and how "the world slips our minds/ on a motorbike through Barcelona." Halfway through the measured closer "What Can We Do," he vows, "I'll say I love you/ I won't say good-bye." While not as catchy as the record's title, that's a more accurate description of his band's take on music.



Franz Ferdinand
Right Thoughts, Right Words, Right Action
Domino
★★½

Upon the release of Franz Ferdinand's 2005 sophomore album, *You Could Have It So Much Better*, bassist Robert Hardy told *Rolling Stone* the band was expanding its sound because "there's more to life than disco-beat guitar music." True enough, but the question remained (and persisted on 2009's *Tonight: Franz Ferdinand*): Was there more to Franz Ferdinand than disco-beat guitar music? They're addressing that conundrum again on *Right Thoughts* ... and again they've come up with mixed results. On "Stand on the Horizon," they sound like a slightly funky version of XTC, while opener "Right Action" echoes Talking Heads (with shades of Beck). On "Evil Eye" they try their hand at a little faux-funk, with plodding results, and "The Universe Expanded" is a spare psych-pop turn. There's a grab bag of musical ideas on offer, and fans of twitchy Britpop will find plenty to appreciate, but it's hard to escape the sense that the band is trying on styles, still in search of the right fit.



Ty Segall
Sleeper
Drag City
★★★

The King of Fuzz has gone unplugged. Segall, the hardest-working man in garage punk, takes a left turn on his new record, playing solo acoustic pretty much the whole way, apart from some muted percussion, one snarling electric-guitar solo (on the hard acoustic blues "The Man Man"), and some strings. Damned if the move doesn't pay off, highlighting Segall's gift for melody—a trait sometimes obscured by the storm clouds of distortion so prevalent in his other projects. He effortlessly recasts himself as a bluesy, psychedelic troubadour with a knack for hooks and soulful, insistent strumming that lifts his spare tunes to a high plane. These tracks sound both fresh and like they were reclaimed from a bygone era. It's a neat trick, and perhaps a perfect palate-cleanser before Segall's next project, a Black Sabbath-influenced power trio called—what else?—Fuzz.



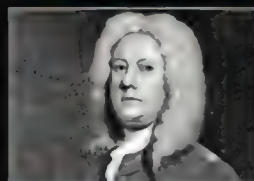
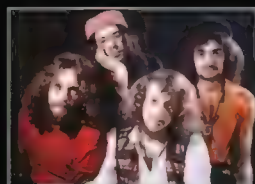
Weekend
Jinx
Slumberland
★★★

Brooklyn-based trio Weekend are steeped in the tradition of Joy Division, early Jesus and Mary Chain, My Bloody Valentine, and—going way back—Comsat Angels. Composed of swirling, hurtling tempos and loaded with reverb and echo, their songs are atmospheric and faraway-sounding. While their critically acclaimed 2010 debut, *Sports*, was laced with static and menace, here, they sound more polished and accessible—less noisy, and, for fans of the first record, perhaps a little less compelling. But this is no sophomore *Jinx*; "July" has a terrific reverb-drenched guitar riff and a fuzzed-out bass, and "Adelaide" contains the closest Weekend has ever come to a pop hook. Other standouts include the rubbery groove of "It's Alright," and the ghostly "Rosaries." This is airier and less gritty than *Sports*, emphasizing the latter half of the phrase "bleakly romantic" over the former.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE) JASON ARTHURS, ELI MARIAS, DENEE PETRACEK, ANDY KNOWLES

NAMESAKES

Five bands named after real people who are not in the band



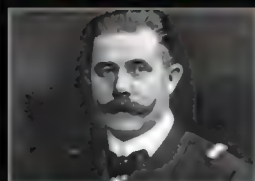
Band: Jethro Tull

Person: Nineteenth-century Englishman of the same name who invented—cue “Aqualung” guitar riff—the seed drill

Similarities: Well, the original Tull was an agriculturalist, and the band’s music sometimes has a pastoral feeling about it.

Fame Factor: The band—which is still going, by the way—is much more famous than their namesake.

Trivia: On the U.K. label of their first single, “Sunshine Day,” the band’s name is misspelled “Jethro Toe.”



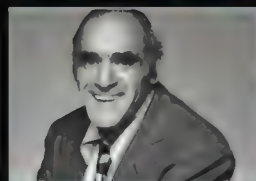
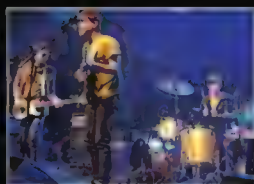
Band: Franz Ferdinand

Person: Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria

Similarities: They’re both from Europe?

Fame Factor: With several platinum hits in the U.K. and a gold record in the U.S., the Glasgow band might be more famous right now than their namesake, who only, you know, started World War I by getting assassinated in Sarajevo in 1914.

Trivia: Singer Alex Kapranos once said the Archduke was a “catalyst for the complete transformation of the world and that is what we want our music to be.” No, really. He actually said that.



Band: Abe Vigoda

Person: Venerable actor who appeared in *The Godfather* and *Barney Miller*, among other films and TV shows

Similarities: The noise-pop band from California only wishes.

Fame Factor: Their album *Crush* made Pitchfork’s Top 50 Albums of 2010, but they will never eclipse the renown of the legendary character actor.

Trivia: In both 1982 and ’87, media outlets referred to the actor—who was still going strong at 92 when we went to press—as “the late Abe Vigoda.”



Band: Lynyrd Skynyrd

Person: Leonard Skinner, former gym teacher at Robert E. Lee High School in Jacksonville, Florida, who sent a bandmember to the principal for having long hair

Similarities: Both grew up in Jacksonville.

Fame Factor: The nod obviously goes to the band, but the gym teacher did gain some fame once the connection became known.

Trivia: One day, Skinner’s son, also Leonard, was listening to the band’s debut album, prompting his dad to say, “What the hell kind of noise are you listening to?”



Band: Dead Kennedys

Persons: Assassinated U.S. politicians Robert and John Kennedy

Similarities: Left-of-center politics?

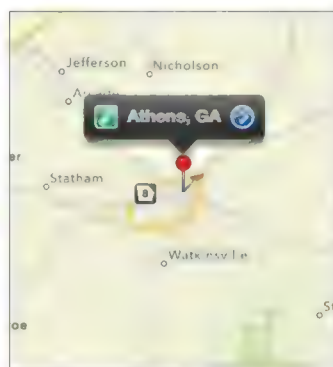
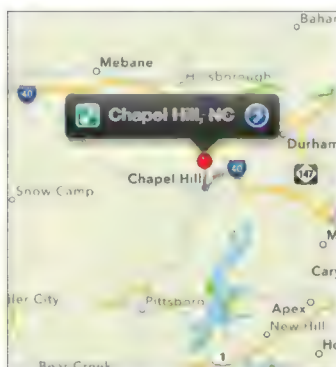
Fame Factor: Not even close **Trivia:** Polydor withdrew its invitation to sign the band when it learned that their next single would be “Too Drunk to Fuck.” (They remained on indie label Alternative Tentacles.)

CHAPEL HILL vs. ATHENS

The two Southern towns with populations of fewer than 120,000 have each produced a disproportionate number of great bands. Which one punches higher above its weight?

Chapel Hill

James Taylor
Ben Folds Five
Superchunk
Archers of Loaf
Squirrel Nut Zippers
Southern Culture on the Skids
Flat Duo Jets
The Veldt
Dillon Fence
Pipe
Zen Frisbee
Metal Flake Mother

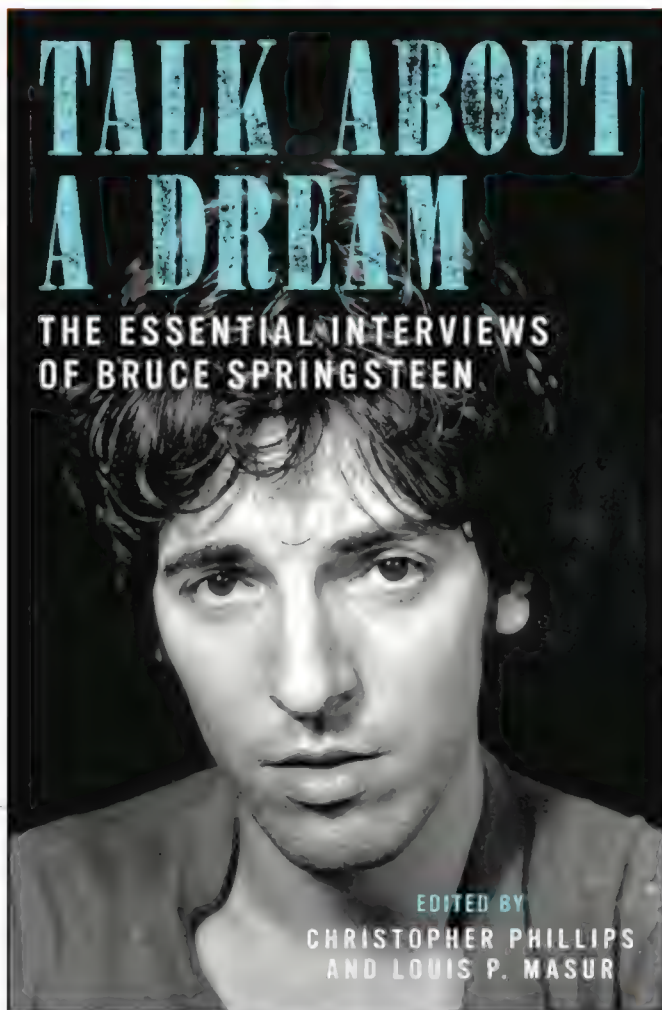


Athens

R.E.M.
B-52s
Matthew Sweet
Drive-By Truckers
Neutral Milk Hotel
Danger Mouse
Pylon
Widespread Panic
Of Montreal
Vic Chestnutt
The Whigs
Vigilantes of Love

And the winner is ...

Chapel Hill, by split decision. The fact that Athens has a population of roughly 115,000, twice that of Chapel Hill, swung our judges.



TALKING TO THE BOSS

A new book compiles 40 years of interviews with rock 'n' roll legend Bruce Springsteen.

Talk About a Dream: The Essential Interviews of Bruce Springsteen

Edited by Christopher Phillips and Louis P. Masur

Ranging from 1973 to this year, and including such boldface-name interviewers as Elvis Costello and Nick Hornby, this collection of Q&As with Springsteen presents a multifaceted look at the iconic performer's career. Speaking to the *Asbury Park Evening Press* at age 23—days before he's about to tour California with bands such as the Beach Boys and Paul Butterfield—Springsteen says, "All you can ask of a person is that he's honest about what he's doing. I hope I'll never change in that respect." He didn't, but he did, happily, loosen up a bit. Four decades later, he tells Hornby about mixing James Brown-style clowning into a show with an audience expecting the music to be "real and authentic": "I never thought that seriousness and clowning were exclusive, so I've approached my work and my stagecraft with the idea that they're not exclusive." As Hornby notes, "What, after all, could be more sincere than a performer performing—and acknowledging that he's performing?"

Comically Sexy Excerpt of the Month

From *Big Egos*
By S. G. Browne



Browne follows his critically acclaimed novel *Lucky Bastard* with this satire set in the not-too-distant future, where it's possible to become the fictional character or deceased celebrity of your choice for six to eight hours at a time by injecting a DNA-fueled formula into your brain stem. Trouble is, not all famous or fictional "Egos" have been licensed for use, and there's a black market for the unlicensed ones. Browne's protagonist is the head of the Investigations Department at the L.A.-based Engineering Genetics Organizations and Systems (EGOS), and it's his job to root out black-market cases, which come with significant health risks.

In this excerpt, he's grappling with his job while his beautiful redheaded girlfriend, Delilah, has grappling of a different sort on her mind:

"Delilah stands in front of me in a red thong and a red bra. I can see the little scar on her left hip and the mole just beneath her left breast. I can also see the outline of her nipples and her labia, but I'm not interested in exploring her anatomy at the moment.

"Right now, I'm more interested in watching the news and searching the internet, trying to determine if any black-market Ego deaths have occurred since I stopped going out to parties and giving out the antidote.

"Are we going out tonight?" says Delilah.

"I'm on the leather couch trying to watch the TV through my 3-D glasses and Delilah's mostly naked figure. It's not easy to do, even considering that she's only a notch above five feet tall and 120 pounds wearing chain mail.

"And don't think we haven't played Sir Lancelot and Guinevere before."

Quality Beach Book for the Last Days of Summer

Onion Street: A Moe Prager Mystery
By Reed Farrel Coleman



Coleman's book, the eighth in his Moe Prager series, came out in May, but if you missed it then, it's worth tracking down because it'll make for very entertaining company on the beach before the summer slips away. A commercial truck driver by day (really), Coleman caught the crime-fiction writing bug after taking a night-school class in the genre at Brooklyn College. Since then, he's written 15 novels, loads of short fiction, and some poetry, while also serving as executive VP of Mystery Writers of America, and being dubbed the "noir poet laureate" by the Huffington Post. The Prager books are set in Coney Island and their title

character is a savvy ex-cop turned PI with "a New York Jewish, part-yuppie, part blue-collar, insider-outsider sensibility," as NPR put it in 2009.

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BRAWN & BLACK BOXES

Audi puts the "S" to its A6 Sedan.

By Bill Heald





European sports sedans have many characteristics that make them unique when compared with their Asian and American counterparts, including high-performance versions of what are already very potent cars. Mercedes-Benz has the AMG editions, BMW has the M-series cars, and Audi soups up its equipment with an S designation. Several Audi models (in fact most) can be had with this application of supersport components, but a particularly interesting one is the S6 sedan (based on the midsize A6 platform, which is quite a fine driver in its own right). This is a car with relatively compact dimensions



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door sedan
Engine	Four-liter, twin-turbo V-8
Power	420 horsepower
Torque	406 foot-pounds
Transmission	Seven-speed automatic
Front tires	255/40 with a 255/35 R20 option
Rear tires	255/40 with a 255/35 R20 option
Curb weight	4,398 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	4.5 seconds
Top speed	155 mph
Fuel	73.6 gallons
EPA mpg	17 city/27 highway
Base price	\$87,720




for less mass and high agility, yet it's big enough for both comfort and the inclusion of a true ground-pounding drivetrain. The S6 is also large enough to be loaded with the latest technology, including performance, safety, and entertainment advancements. Oh, and let's not forget the latest in information hardware, including a navigation system that uses Google Maps to deliver a visual display that is as striking as it is functional. This is just a sample of what the S6 has to offer, for we discovered this embarrassment of riches is beautifully integrated into a solid, entertaining whole. Given the standards of the class, that's high praise indeed.

To create the S6, the basic A6 chassis is first fortified with a four-liter V-8 engine with twin turbochargers that pump out 420 horsepower. Amazingly, this mill offers better performance than the previous S6's larger 5.2-liter V-10, proving that bigger isn't always better when innovative engineering is involved. The efficiency of this approach translates to 25 percent better fuel economy, yet the power is available instantly without any of the lag that plagues many turbocharged engines. This, along with the sedan's lightweight aluminum hybrid construction, means the car is wicked-quick off the line, and the S6 repeatedly thundered us to 60 mph in less than five seconds. This impressive performance is largely the result of getting the power down effectively, and while the car is enabled by a seven-speed S-tronic automatic transmission (with manual paddle shifters on the steering wheel), that's only part of the story. In order to effectively transfer the engine's might, Audi's Quattro all-wheel-drive system is standard equipment, and is reinforced by a sport rear differential

that transfers more power to the outside wheel during aggressive cornering. And you *will* drive this car hard, because it makes challenging roads so effortless and exhilarating. The standard air suspension adjusts damping depending on driver input and road conditions, and drivetrain performance can be tweaked using Audi's Drive Select, which includes auto, dynamic, comfort, and individual modes. The electromechanical steering is light in effort but gives good feedback, and changes depending on the drive mode selected. The ride is on the firm side, but never jarring enough to be considered harsh. The S6 also has some pizza-size brake rotors and response is superb, helping you to stay in control at all times.

All this is accompanied by S6's gadget résumé. If you're into the latest tech, you will be a happy camper, because when you settle into the Valcona leather sport seats you are in the command center of an electronic Oz. From wonders like a head-up display, night-vision assistant, and a connectivity suite that makes the car a Wi-Fi hot spot for up to eight devices, this car rivals the microchip inventory of an Intel factory.

Additional favorites include "bird's-eye view" parking cameras, adaptive cruise control (with a stop-and-go feature that can apply full braking below 19 mph), and Enhanced Audi lane assist. The powerful Bang & Olufsen sound system has tweeters that rise out of the dashboard at start-up, like an invasion of tiny flying saucers. All these features would be pure geek bait if not for the fact that everything assimilates so well, and is found in a car with such satisfying performance. 



A MORE BALANCED HOOLIGAN

Triumph sharpens its middleweight Triple.

By Bill Heald





It's hard to say exactly how it started, but years ago riders who suffered damage to their stunningly beautiful sport bikes nearly had heart attacks when they found out the cost to replace the bodywork. Rather than try to add cheap replacement parts, they decided to strip the bikes down to their bare essentials and bolt on some headlights and a set of dirt-bike handlebars. To make a long story short, the street fighter was born, and now nearly every manufacturer builds a "naked" version of its most potent sport bikes. For example, about a year after launching its middleweight Daytona 675 sport bike, Triumph created a stripped-down version called the Street Triple, and this raucous yet comfortable machine has proved popular for a broad range of riders, as it does everything well. This year the bike (and its better-suspended version, the Street Triple R) has undergone an extensive update to hone the blade further, making this brilliant urban weapon more appealing than ever.

Here's an interesting tidbit about this bike: The new Street Triple's engine is the least modified of all the hardware on the bike when compared to its predecessor. The reason is simple: The 675-cc inline triple is already an ideal middleweight mill that has a unique intake howl and exhaust cadence, as well as a lofty redline (nearly 13,000 rpm). The only real modification is to the exhaust, and it's not related to performance, but to location. The engineers have done some muffler migration, from dual canisters under the seat to a single unit on the lower right side. This is all in the interest of lighter weight and mass centralization, which is ultimately about getting better handling out of an already really responsive chassis.

With even sharper canyon-carving in mind, the Street Triple has a new frame that increases rigidity with a die-cast rear subframe and refine-

ments (like the new exhaust) aimed at lowering both weight and the center of gravity. The payoff is greater stability, especially when the rider is leaning over during spirited cornering. This architecture—along with a lithe 403-pound curb weight—contributes to its lightning-quick reflexes, where the upright riding position allows plenty of leverage to aggressively throw the

bike into tight curves and change direction quickly, whether darting through traffic or avoiding debris on lonely mountain roads. The suspension is designed to reward hard riding with excellent control (without compromising riding comfort), and it's here that the higher-priced R model shines brightest. The front forks and rear shock are fully adjustable on this version, so you can tune response to suit your weight, road conditions, and riding style.

All Street Triples now have ABS brakes, and you can cancel the anti-lock feature should you so desire (many expert riders who take the bike to the track like to do so). Top all this off with new styling highlights, and an already brilliant machine is made all the more desirable, no matter what your riding style. Never underestimate the abilities of a renewed street brawler. 

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled inline triple
Bore x stroke	74mm x 52.3mm
Displacement	675 cc
Fuel system	Multipoint sequential electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	41mm male slider forks
Rear suspension	Single-shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 310mm discs, ABS
Rear brake	Single 220mm disc, ABS
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	4.6-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	55.5 inches
Seat height	31.5 inches
Wet weight	400 pounds; R: 403 pounds
Base price	\$9,399; R: \$9,999



SENSORY OVERLOAD

Gear that gives you a new perspective and keeps you in the loop.

By Crispin Boyer



■ XBR-55X900A 4K Ultra HDTV Sony • \$5,000

This is the "budget" option in Sony's lineup of new Ultra HD (or 4K) televisions, but it still achieves resolutions four times sharper than standard 1080p for a fifth of the price of Sony's flagship 84-inch 4K model. And while you'll find cheaper Ultra HDTVs (Chinese manufacturer Seiki sells a bare-bones 4K unit for \$1,500), Sony's offer a better balance of features and performance. Colors are more vivid and lifelike, thanks to a new backlight filter. The image processor upscales 1080p content to 4K resolution—a crucial feature considering that 4K-compatible components and services are still hard to find. Sony sells a \$700 media player—the FMP-X1—that's preloaded with ten 4K movies and is compatible with a 4K-content distribution service that Sony has planned for this fall.



■ Lapka Personal Environment Monitor Lapka, Inc. • \$220

Your iPhone's evolution into a *Star Trek*-style Tricorder continues with this set of four pods that monitor invisible forces. The radiation module detects gamma and beta particles bathing your body at any given time (with presets for the home, airplanes, and other environments). An EMF detector senses electromagnetic fields caused by bad wiring and wireless transmitters. A humidity module monitors the local weather conditions. The organic probe determines the level of nitrates left in foods by synthetic fertilizers. Each pod plugs into your iPhone's (or iPad's) headphone jack. A stylish app displays current levels and keeps track of past readings, so you can compare your own funky feelings against any unusual environmental readings.

■ Lumix GF6 mirrorless camera Panasonic • \$600

If you're dipping your toe into photography, test out the waters with the new Lumix, which offers plenty of high-range features at a mid-range price. As a micro four-thirds camera, it gives you the flexibility of swapping specialized lenses on a body not much bigger than your typical point-and-shoot. The three-inch touch screen (which folds out for self-portraits) makes it easy to set and preview any of the 19 filter effects and special modes, including stop-motion animation and a retouch option for fixing pics on the spot. Or you can rely on automatic mode and let the 16-megapixel low-light sensor and lightning-fast autofocus do the rest. Wi-Fi connectivity links the GF6 to your smartphone for immediate photo sharing.





■ Duracell PowerMat PowerMove Kit Duracell PowerMat • \$200

Charging your phone by laying it on a mat has always been convenient, but the original PowerMat cases added quite a bit of heft to your phone. The new AccessCase for the iPhone 5 is as slim and sleek as a case can get, and the copper-top-reminiscent design adds a nice touch of style. The SnapBattery doubles your phone's power, and charges wirelessly on the TravelMat or via USB. The TravelMat has enough power to also charge tablets or other devices with a USB connection. For drop-and-go charging at home, however, the PowerMat will be more convenient; it sells separately for \$40 and up, depending on size. —Barbara Rice Thompson



■ Urban Weather Station Netatmo • \$179

Despite its name, this does more than just put Al Roker's job in jeopardy. Although it does keep tabs on temperature, humidity, barometric pressure, and other meteorological mumbo jumbo, the station also monitors environmental factors related to your quality of life, including noise levels, CO₂ buildup, and pollution in your neck of the woods. Two cylindrical sensors—one for indoors, one for outside—link via Wi-Fi to your iPhone or Android device (or Netatmo's website). Use the app to track environmental trends or get alerts when certain conditions are met. Unfortunately, the station doesn't monitor wind speed or carbon-monoxide and rain levels, but add-on sensors are planned.



■ Y-Cam: HomeMonitor Y-Cam Solutions • \$200

Keep an eye (and ear) on your stuff or homestead from anywhere in the world with this cinch-to-use security camera. Just plug it into an outlet, link it to your home network via Wi-Fi, and—voilà!—you're in the surveillance business. Access the live video and audio feed from any web browser or a free iPhone/Android app. Seven days of security footage is stored for free online (you can upgrade to 30 days for \$40 a year), and the camera will send you email alerts when it detects motion. It even has infrared night vision with a range of up to 49 feet—handy for capturing wildlife or wild nightlife.




■ HTC One HTC • \$200 to \$300 (32 gigabyte or 64 gigabyte) with a two-year contract

Apple addicts, avert your gaze. Everyone else is left with two options for the mightiest smartphone of 2013: Samsung's Galaxy S4 (featured last issue) and the HTC One. Choosing a winner between these Android-powered heavyweights is a tough call. The Galaxy S4 features a slightly larger screen, but the HTC One's 4.7-inch LCD is a bit brighter and almost imperceptibly sharper. The S4's microSD card slot and replaceable battery mean more flexibility, but the HTC One's solid aluminum case feels sturdier. Samsung's phone has a slightly better camera, but HTC's creates instant three-second snippets. Plus, the HTC One's interface is slicker overall. If you prefer style and sturdiness over a few more features, you can choose wisely.



■ Automatic vehicle monitor Automatic Labs • \$70

It's not quite KITT from *Knight Rider*, but the Automatic car-smartphone interface is still the best auto upgrade since Corinthian leather. Just plug this dongle into the diagnostics port under your dashboard (nearly every car since 1996 has one). The device links via Bluetooth to your iPhone or Android smartphone and provides a wealth of info, including driving tips for improving gas mileage and diagnostic info for when the dreaded CHECK ENGINE light comes on. Automatic keeps tabs on your car's location, letting you know where you left it in the crowded stadium parking lot, and even calls 911 if you get into an accident. 



My girlfriend loves my tattoos. In fact, that's how we got together. She's a masseuse, and she talked to me about my ink while giving my massage. When it was over, I asked her out, and we've been dating for almost a year. While I've got a considerable amount of body art, I've always been careful about where I get tattooed. The people in charge in my profession don't think highly of people with tattoos, so I make sure my office attire hides mine. I'm okay with this, because I really like my job.


My girlfriend keeps pushing me to get work done around my neck, including her nickname, almost up to my chin. She claims that the tattoos are an artistic form of expression, and I shouldn't be afraid to express myself just because of a job. I agree with the artistic statement, but not enough to set up unnecessary roadblocks in my career. How do I get her to back off?

Here are my rules regarding women and tattoos:

1. Never get a woman's name or face inked on your body.
2. Never get a tattoo to impress a woman.
3. Never listen to a woman's ideas about a tattoo unless it's her job.

As for your situation, your girlfriend probably makes decent money as a masseuse. Part of being good at her job is listening to her clients. Word of mouth brings the clients coming in, and coming back, and if she's supporting herself as a masseuse, she must know this. Tell her you've got an awesome idea: The next time she's working on a client (preferably a dude), right in the middle of the massage, she should very quickly but forcibly jam her thumb up the client's butt. No warning, just *boom*.

She'll tell you it's an awful idea, and ask why you're trying to fuck with her livelihood. That's when you say, "Exactly my point about the neck tattoo!" and hope she gets that you can't screw with the way *you* make money either. Presumably she likes having a boyfriend with a good job, so she needs to understand that not everyone is cool with personal expression from nine to five.

And if she thinks the surprise butt-hole fingering is an excellent business idea, ask her if she has any openings on Thursday mornings. 

NO NAME BRANDS

You're not a stadium, so no one gets naming rights to your body. Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to deal with a girl who wants to stake a visible claim.

Illustration by Celia Calle



FLAVORS OF THE MONTH

From fruit punch to candied lemons to juicy melons, a new crop of novel hops is giving IPAs and pale ales a fresh taste.

By Joshua M. Bernstein



Every hop is a special flower. From lemony Sorachi Ace to floral Cascade to earthy Fuggles, each member of the *Humulus lupulus* family is fingerprint-unique. Used solo or, more commonly, in conjunction with other hops, the female flowering cones contribute a singular combination of bitterness, flavor, and aroma to beer. And, as in fashion or music, brewers are always chasing the next hot hop. Several years ago, breweries were feverish for the intensely citrusy Centennial, before tropical Citra and New Zealand's white wine-like Nelson Sauvin took up the torch. This year, a new crop of hops has hit brew kettles, imbuing beers with notes of melons, tart apples, and candied lemons. Here are five hops you should know in 2013, and five beers that make good use of them.

■ Falconer's Flight

The Pacific Northwest is home to some of America's most sought-after hops, many of which are combined to create this proprietary pellet named after Glen Hay Falconer. The mixture includes piney Simcoe, lemonlike Sorachi Ace, lychee- and mango-esque Citra, and several top-secret hops. The sum is far greater than its parts, as Falconer's Flight is a nice blend of grapefruit, lemons, and tropical fruit with a floral twist.

■ Harpoon's Rich & Dan's Rye IPA

The secret to the hazy, caramel-licked ale—named after Harpoon's founders—is Falconer's Flight, which supplies a citrusy intricacy that works well with the slightly spicy rye. Initially a one-off, the IPA proved so popular that it graduated to year-round six-packs.

■ Calypso

Like its namesake music, Calypso is a thrillingly fresh amalgam: It's the offspring of several proprietary varieties, notably a descendant of the herbal, pungent Nugget breed. The result is a fruity revelation that evokes pears, apples, cherry blossoms, mint, and Meyer lemons. Though perfect for IPAs or pale ales, Calypso is also sublime in barley wines and stouts.

■ Stone's Enjoy By IPA

Just 35 days after this fresh double IPA is bottled, it must be removed from shelves—not that it lasts that long. The Southern California delight is dank, fruity, and resinous, drinking lighter than its 9.4 percent alcohol by volume.

■ Mosaic

Until they graduate from fields and into breweries, hop varieties are identified by a string of letters and numbers. In 2012, Washington-based Hop Breeding Company re-branded HBC 369 as "Mosaic," which has become craft brewing's buzziest new hop. Its lineage includes superherbal Nugget and piney-citrusy Simcoe, creating a floral and tropical rock star with a grounding, earthy pungency. Beyond pale ales and IPAs, Mosaic gets along famously with blonde ales.

■ Samuel Adams's Latitude 48 IPA

The compulsively drinkable IPA blends five international hops—Germany's Hallertau Mittelfrueh, England's East Kent Goldings, and America's Simcoe, Zeus, and Mosaic—grown around the 48th latitude line. The outcome is citrusy, slightly tropical, and subtly sweet.

■ Meridian

Meridian was born out of mistaken identity. In 2012, Oregon's Indie Hops assumed it was resuscitating a nearly forgotten breed called Columbia. However, after "Columbia" was harvested, the farmers soon deduced that they had not revived the dead, but instead created a brand-new variety. Named after a country road near where the hop took root, Meridian is a clean, crisp winner with a profile that flits between candied lemons and fruit punch.

■ Three Heads Brewing's Too Kind Double IPA

The Rochester, New York, brewery is known for aggressively hopped beers such as its piney, sticky The Kind IPA. Its big brother is Too Kind, a balanced imperial IPA with a juicy, fruity sweetness and lingering bitter finish.

■ Galaxy

The next frontier for hops is New Zealand and Australia, where you'll find varieties such as the grapefruit-driven Riwaka and Galaxy, which is truly out of this world. The Down Under hop presents a bright profile of passion fruit crossed with fresh-squeezed citrus, as well as an appealing grassiness. Galaxy is an increasingly popular addition to both Australian and American pale ales and IPAs, used to contribute both bitterness and aroma.

■ Tailgrass Brewing's 8-Bit Pale Ale

Inspired by simple yet complex old-school videogames, the Kansas pale ale unites citrusy, floral Centennial and Cascade hops with Australian Galaxy. The crisp result has a caramel backbone and a soft, luscious melon profile. 





feeling hot, hot, hot

We introduced readers to October 2012 German Pet of the Month Mia Magma in our April issue, and we couldn't wait any longer to reacquaint ourselves with the charms of this beautiful, blonde 26-year-old.

Photographs by Martin Siebenbrunner



"I also work as a singer and a dancer. The best things about my job are the variety and the travel. I get to know so many interesting people, and I would never meet them otherwise."





"There's something very special to me about standing naked in front of a camera. I love it! But it was so hot at the villa in Majorca where we did this shoot, that I burned my butt on these steps."





"I can be very demanding in bed. I like to be in command. But when the chemistry is right, you learn fairly quickly what pleases your lover, so I always make sure I don't go too far."



"I never went out looking to have sex with a stranger, so when it happened, it was always spontaneous. I had to be attracted to him physically, and I had to like getting to know him."

SEE MORE OF MIA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





Shuffling the Deck

We kick off our 2013 college football preview with a quick primer on all the changes that took place during the off-season.

By Peter Schrager

This off-season brought more changes than usual to the NCAA football landscape. In addition to new coaches and new players, there are new conferences, new logos, and new BCS contenders.

Let's take a look:

Don't Know Much About Geography

Syracuse and Pittsburgh have jumped from the Big East Conference to the Atlantic Coast Conference this year, despite the fact that neither school is anywhere near a coast—unless you count the shores of Onondaga Lake in Syracuse. This shift means, unfortunately, that Pitt will not play its longtime rivals West Virginia in 2013. Yes, the Backyard Brawl is a thing of the past.

Out of Whack

The Western Athletic Conference—the circuit that's produced NFL stars Marshall Faulk, LaDainian Tomlinson, and Collin Kaepernick—no longer has college football. The conference's former teams can now be found all over the college football map. Idaho and New Mexico State, two of the conference's perennial cellar-dwellers, are now independents.

One-Man Wolfpack

North Carolina State's last two starting quarterbacks—Russell Wilson and Mike Glennon—were drafted into the NFL. This year, the Wolfpack will start Colorado State transfer Pete Thomas under center. Does the new signal-caller have what it takes to be NC State's next pro project? All eyes in Raleigh will be on Thomas, the biggest name of all the 2013 transfers.

Going South

Coach Bret Bielema shocked college football back in December when he announced he was leaving Wisconsin and taking on the aftermath of the Bobby Petrino scandal in Arkansas. Can Bielema match the success he had in the Big Ten down in SEC country? We shall see.

Two-Horse Race?

Gazing into the jewel-encrusted *Penthouse* college football crystal ball, we handicap the 2013 season.

BCS Bound

Is it too early to call an **Alabama–Ohio State** BCS National Championship Game?

Maybe not.

In his first season as head coach of the Buckeyes, Urban Meyer led the team to a perfect 12-0 record. Problem was, the program had been hit by NCAA sanctions and was ineligible for postseason play. This year, the hungry Buckeyes are huge favorites in both the Big 10 and the BCS.

Alabama, for its part, continues to be, well, Alabama. The names may

change every year, but the results do not. Nick Saban's already got a statue in Tuscaloosa.

The Other BCS Contenders:

Stanford, Georgia, Oregon, Clemson, LSU, Florida

Dark Horses

Hop on those Alabama or Ohio State bandwagons if you like; you'll have plenty of company. But here are five other teams you may want to consider if you like bucking the trends. You could be ahead of the curve if you

back these guys early:

• **Northwestern:** The 'Cats went 10-3 last year and all three losses came in heartbreaking, last-second fashion. There's lots of optimism around this year's squad, which includes 15 returning starters and an excellent recruiting class.

• **Ole Miss:** Not down with the Hugh Freeze era? Give it a chance. The Rebels were good last year and return nine starters on both offense and defense. If Freeze's gang can beat Texas in Austin on September 14, the



Hill Toppin' Bobby

Speaking of Petrino, it didn't take him very long to get another head-coaching job. He'll be running the Western Kentucky Hilltoppers program, which probably means they'll be relevant in two to three years—hopefully for reasons on the field, not off.

Patchwork AAC

The newly formed American Athletic Conference, which consists of such far-flung schools as Rutgers, Houston, and South Florida, is a league formed from the ashes of the Big East and Conference USA. Do they get an automatic BCS bid? You betcha.

Homecoming King

Kliff Kingsbury is going home. A former Heisman-candidate quarterback at Texas Tech, Kingsbury is now the head coach of the Red Raiders. He joins his alma mater after a successful stint as offensive coordinator and quarterbacks coach at Texas A&M, where he mentored 2012 Heisman-winner Johnny Manziel.

Always Sonny

The Jeff Tedford era is over at Cal. Insert Sonny Dykes as the new coach of the Golden Bears. Tedford is often credited for the development of Aaron Rodgers, but that was nine years ago. Dykes was the 2011 WAC Coach of the Year while at Louisiana Tech.

New Duck Face

Chip Kelly, who has departed Eugene, Oregon, for Philadelphia and the NFL, is a tough act to follow. He took the Oregon Ducks to BCS games in each of his four seasons as head coach. Hoping to fill those sizable shoes is Kelly's protégé, Mark Helfrich, who will at least have a pretty well-stocked roster to work with.

bandwagon could be full by Week 4.

- **Northern Illinois:** Quarterback Jordan Lynch is already getting Heisman buzz, and the hype should only get louder after the Huskies face Iowa on August 31. The entire offensive line is back from a year ago, the defense didn't lose much, and

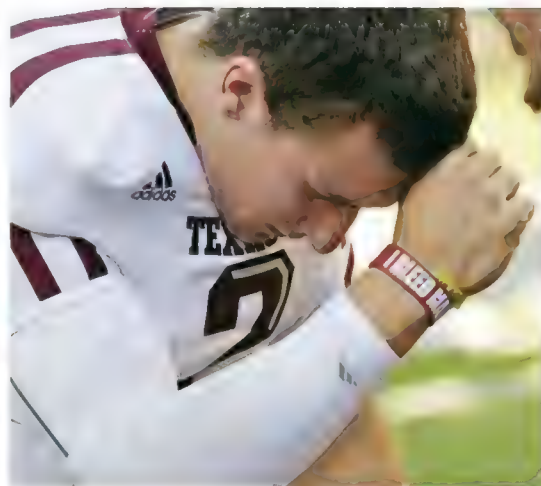
Lynch is the real deal. Keep an eye on the MAC favorites.

- **East Carolina:** ECU put up 34 points or more in five of its final seven games last year, and the quarterback, running back, and top wide receiver are all coming back for another season. Vintavious Cooper has one

of the best names in college football; the running back, if he plays, is also a potential Heisman candidate.

- **Louisville:** The Sugar Bowl upset of Florida might not have been a fluke. And the Cardinals have a schedule soft enough to put them in BCS contention this year.





Johnny on the Spot

It was quite the busy off-season for Texas A&M's star QB, Johnny Manziel.

Johnny Manziel has a Heisman Trophy under his belt and all of College Station, Texas, in his corner. He also had a rather eventful college football off-season. Let's recap the lively past few months of "Johnny Football."

December 8, 2012: Manziel wins the Heisman Trophy, becoming the first freshman ever to win the coveted award.

December 19, 2012: He sits courtside at a Houston Rockets game, then joins the team in the locker room afterward. There, he strikes a Heisman Trophy pose with Rockets star James Harden.

January 4, 2013: Produces a Cotton Bowl record 516 yards in a 41-13 blow-out over Oklahoma. The next day, he celebrates by tweeting a photo of himself fanning dollar bills at the WinStar World Casino in Oklahoma.

February 1, 2013: Manziel tweets a photo while partying at the Super Bowl in New Orleans with carousing Patriots tight end Rob Gronkowski.

February 4, 2013: Meets Jessica Biel and Justin Timberlake. Tweets a photo captioned: "Justin Timberlake and sweet little Jessica Biel."

March 27, 2013: After catching some heat for tweeting a photo of a temporary Texas Longhorns tattoo on his body, Manziel turns off Twitter. What he had to say about the tattoo: "Somebody dared me to do it, and we thought it would be funny."

April 13, 2013: Asked about the highlight of his off-season, Manziel says, "Probably meeting Drake. I went to Toronto before I went to Cabo for spring break, and got to hang out with him and all of his crew and kind of watch how the music was made."

During Manziel's second semester at A&M last year, the Associated Press reported that he had begun taking all his classes online because of his on-campus celebrity. "I didn't think anything of it," he was quoted as saying, "and it kind of turned into a little more of a big deal than I thought."

Bye Bye, BCS

Five of the most boneheaded things about the soon-to-be-defunct system.



To paraphrase a line from a rock band few current college kids have ever heard of, the 2013 season marks the end of the BCS as we know it.

In June of last year, a committee of university presidents voted to do away with the current BCS model and put in a four-team playoff starting in 2014. Is this a good thing? Yes. Yes. Yes. In addition to giving us an undisputed champion, the new system will rid us of the following dunderheaded elements of the BCS:

- The use of six different computer-ranking systems to determine the two best teams in college football.
- Forty days between games for the two teams involved in the BCS Championship Game. NFL teams played five games between Notre Dame's last two contests a season ago.
- BCS executive director Bill Hancock continuously giving the BCS credit for college football's massive popularity boom over the past two decades. Yeah, Tim Tebow, ESPN, 24/7 college football coverage, and the internet had very little to do with it.
- Worthy undefeated teams from smaller conferences—like Utah (2004), Boise State (2008), and TCU (2010)—being left out of the two-team championship race because they played in less-worthy conferences.
- Angry rants like the one then Oregon head coach Mike Bellotti gave when his Ducks were left out of the BCS race: "I liken the BCS to a bad disease, like cancer." Actually, we'll kind of miss these. Angry coach rants are the best.

The Four Hottest Coaches' Wives

You've heard of the quarterback getting the girl, but how about the coach? As this list proves, it can happen.



4. **Katharyn Richt**

Glory, glory: Georgia coach Mark Richt celebrates a recent win with his wife.



3. **Stephanie Sarkisian**

Washington coach Steve Sarkisian with his better—much better—half.



2. **Carol Muschamp**

Florida coach Will Muschamp is way, way out of his league here.



1. **Layla Kiffin**

Lane Kiffin never won anything in Oakland, at Tennessee, or at USC, where he currently coaches, but something tells us he's not too troubled by that.

QUALIFIED, COMBAT-TESTED, DISSSED

Unemployment rates for veterans are higher than the national average. Adding insult to injury, vets' military qualifications garner little respect from civilian employers.

By Amy Stevens

Danna Cravens leans back and crosses her arms over her powerful frame. She brushes a strand of wheat-blond hair off her face and smiles slightly. Her easy, confident demeanor belies the age on her driver's license: 23. The Army vet is gearing up for another week at Mesa Community College's Fire Science program, in Mesa, Arizona. So far, she's excelling in the course and doesn't seem to mind the strict rules or the challenging physicality of the work—it reminds her of the military. But behind her stoic front is a growing sense of frustration and disillusionment. Cravens had been trained in the military to provide patient care at a level equivalent to that of a civilian physician's assistant, but when she entered the private sector, she was barely qualified to give oxygen. "All because I didn't have a piece of paper," she says.

Cravens served in the U.S. Army as a combat medic for four years. Her military experience included a yearlong deployment to a forward operating base in Kirkuk, Iraq. She can administer IVs, tracheotomies, and intraosseous infusions (injections directly into bone marrow to provide a patient with fluids). Cravens also knows how to suture, how to remove benign tumors, and how to do nerve blocks on patients who need minor procedures.

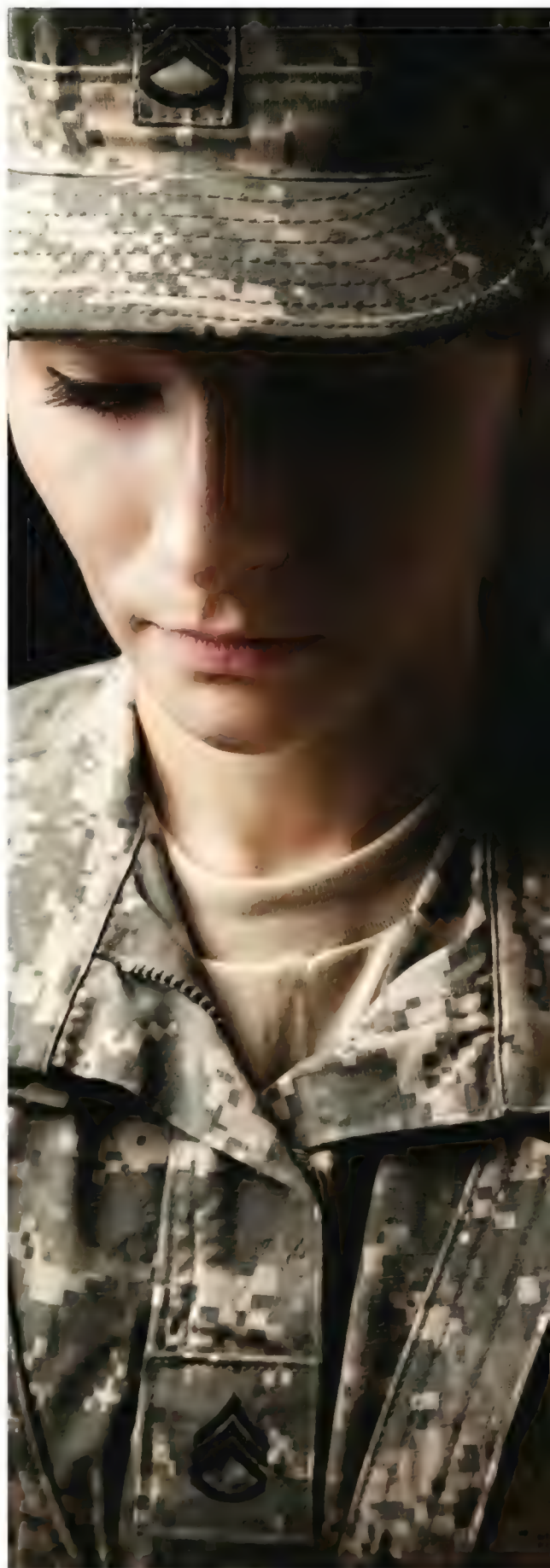
Today, as a civilian, she can't legally perform any of those procedures. Less than half of the states allow transfer of military certifications to the civilian job market, and that's a problem, according to Paul Rieckhoff, CEO and founder of Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America: "We have to smooth that transition so it can happen more easily."

When Cravens left the Army in August 2011, she immediately began searching for a position as a hospital emergency-department technician. She felt confident that, even without a full battery of civilian certificates, her military experience would give her a competitive edge in the job market.

After more than a year of searching, however, she set her sights elsewhere. "I think most companies that see my résumé don't think twice about me," she says. "I applied to five hospitals and I have yet to get a call."

A handful of military specialty certifications, like those for aviation maintenance and heavy-machinery operation, transfer to the civilian world more easily. In October 2012, President Obama signed into law the Military Commercial Driver's License Act, which allows—but does not require—states to remove a number of barriers that prevent service members from earning CDLs while on active duty. Texas lawmakers are currently considering a bill that would allow some military veterans to skip most police-academy training to become officers. These are steps in the right direction, Rieckhoff says, but they're not enough. "Certification transfers are low-hanging fruit that will allow people to move much more seamlessly from military life to civilian employment," Rieckhoff says. "But right now it's a pretty bumpy road."

A white paper published on the



Department of Labor website refutes the idea of interchangeable military and civilian job licensure. Problems related to credentialing stem from "differences in the training and experience obtained in the military and civilian workforces," the report claims, and adds that establishment of a system that would allow such a transfer would be irresponsible. The paper recommends military leaders simply keep their troops abreast of changing civilian-certification requirements—ostensibly so troops can pursue training on their own time and their own dime. The report also calls for training units to provide "maximum accommodation and support" to service members seeking civilian credentials. But, particularly in the age of sequestered budget cuts, the idea of military leaders diverting their limited operating budgets to support troops in acquiring nonessential certifications seems unlikely to be a success.

Former service members like Chris Gatpandan dismiss such a narrow view of possible solutions. Gatpandan served in the Navy as a hospital corpsman, and he resents the idea that he should return to school for years of training to get a job he can already perform. "Outside the Navy, I am not allowed to do anything medical besides CPR, which I am certified for through the American Heart Association," Gatpandan says. "No individual certification covers the full scope of practice for a hospital corpsman; the closest for in-hospital would be a physician's assistant, which is commonly available as a master's level program."

Gatpandan currently works as a medical-simulation specialist, prepping and maintaining lab equipment, computers, and material for students at a private nursing school in Southern California. He's thankful for the job, but says he wishes he could take the National Registry of Emergency Medical Technicians boards based on his military experience. "In an ideal world, I would be working as a paramedic right now," he says. "I think there should be a program that allows people to at least attempt the exams so they have a chance to continue the careers they started."

The issue of nontransferable skills is part of a larger, more troubling trend of high veteran unemployment, according to Rieckhoff. "IAVA looks at information coming from the

Bureau of Labor Statistics, from our members, and from our regular events, and we see that veterans are struggling," he says. "That's something the country should be concerned about. Unemployment levels ebb and flow, but the bottom line is that there is a huge area of need that's being unmet."

Still, for veterans seeking employment and willing to adapt, there is some good news—even in a sluggish economy. Across the nation, job fairs and placement agencies are boosting their efforts to aid veterans. Veteran-owned businesses like RecruitMilitary and VetJobs sponsor national job fairs and host online job postings. In early March, IAVA launched Career Pathfinder, a high-tech tool that links its members to employment opportunities. Pathfinder has a skill translator to convert military terms into language civilian employers recognize, a résumé builder, and thousands of job postings. "We think this is the best solution out there," Rieckhoff says. "You can't just build it and hope that they will come. You have to build it in a connected way, and we have more than 200,000 veterans who were able to use Pathfinder immediately."

The private sector is responding positively. "A year ago, there wasn't really a national conversation about hiring veterans," Rieckhoff notes. "Now, there is." That national conversation has been aided in part by the efforts of special-interest groups, as well as a series of White House initiatives. In February 2013, the White House published a report prepared by the National Economic Council on the issue of nontransferable veteran certifications. The report recommended a number of practices for states and industries to adopt in order to speed up the certification and licensing process for veterans.

The recommendations include allowing states to transfer a limited number of occupational certifications upon proof of proficiency via evidence of training, education, or service in the armed forces. Also proposed was legislation that would empower states to waive licensure exams or civilian certification for EMTs, paramedics, and physicians' assistants based on military service. These recommendations, if implemented, could smooth the path for hundreds of thousands of veterans who are looking for work.



Gatpandan calls such initiatives "good on paper," but he believes that employer education is also a key to job creation. He says, "Creating opportunities for employers and the populace as a whole to understand more about veterans and the kind of experience we have would go a long way toward helping us find jobs. I can't tell you the number of people I encounter on a daily basis whose only knowledge of the military is what they've seen in theaters."

Walmart recently announced plans to provide a job to every veteran who wants one. The move garnered praise from the White House, but Gatpandan contends that such initiatives are almost offensive, saying, "Creating programs that offer vets minimum-wage, unskilled-labor jobs is not only ineffective; it's a slap in the face."

Rieckhoff also emphasizes the importance of fostering veteran talent. "It's not just about creating the next security guard," he says. "It's about producing the next Steve Jobs, the next Mark Zuckerberg."

Businesses needn't wait for congressional mandates or sleek websites to act, Rieckhoff points out. "The main message for IAVA is that veterans are not a charity, they're an investment," he explains. "If you look across our business environment, you'll see people who are using their experiences as veterans to build great things. Veterans are resilient, creative, and innovative. They've been forced to work under some pretty extreme conditions. If you invest in veterans, they will produce a tremendous return on that investment." 

FIFTY SHADES OF LO CASH



Chris Lucas (left) and Preston Brust (right)

The LoCash Cowboys sold more than 60,000 copies of a homemade CD at their shows, and they've racked up ten million YouTube hits. Now, their self-titled first album showcases the depth of their songwriting talents.

Interview by Alanna Nash

C

Chris Lucas and Preston Brust, collectively known as the LoCash Cowboys, are at a Dunkin' Donuts in Panama City Beach, Florida, trying to help this reporter distinguish between their voices on the phone. "How about if Preston talks in Spanish?" Lucas jokes.

Brust says he'll just talk a little deeper: "You'll think I'm Josh Turner by the time this interview is over." [Turner is, of course, known for his deep voice.]

Though the LoCash Cowboys have had a fan presence for years now, thanks to such singles as "C.O.U.N.T.R.Y." and "Keep in Mind," they just released their first album, a self-titled effort, in June. Call it third time's the charm, since their first two record labels bit the dust, the second one before Lucas and Brust even got into the recording studio.

They've also scored big as songwriters. In 2011, Keith Urban took their tune "You Gonna Fly" to No. 1, and Tim McGraw earned a gold-certified, Top 10 smash with 2012's "Truck Yeah," another of the duo's collaborations. The theme song for Tanya Tucker's reality show, *Tuckerville*, is theirs, too.

Now the guys are in line for their own television show, something that promises to capture the excitement they generated from their early days at Nashville's Wildhorse Saloon, back in 2002, when Brust moved to Nashville and met Lucas, head of the club's entertainment department. Lucas offered Brust a job as a deejay/dance instructor, and then one night they shared a microphone and something crazy clicked. But they're also serious musicians.

"We want to show people that hey, yes, we do have that Big & Rich fun side about us, which sells tons of tickets, but we also have that serious side," says Lucas.

"As much as I'd like to call this new CD *Fifty Shades of LoCash: The Album*," Preston adds, tongue firmly in cheek, "it's true. There's every shade of LoCash in there. I think we've done well on this album to show everybody who we are."

How did you get your name? I've read that Preston was in some sort of gang with a similar name. Is that true?

PB: I hate to use the word "gang." It was just a crew of guys in high school. More like a tree-house gang. We called ourselves the LoCash Money Boys, just because none of us had any money, and we were looking for fun stuff to do. And when anything cool happened for next to nothing, we'd say, "Man, that's so LoCash," and we'd all high-five. We had nicknames and we'd walk around the halls at school using those nicknames, and nobody knew what we were talking about. Eleven years later, I went to Nashville and met Chris, and we formed this duo. We tried all these different names, and none of them worked. And Chris came to my hometown with me one time, and he met some of the LoCash Money Boys. He said, "Dude, this is so cool! But I don't have a nickname." So we were like, "We've got to get you a nickname and make you a LoCash Money Boy." And Chris said, "How cool would it be if we were the country boys of LoCash?" So we thought, *Maybe we're onto something.* We went back to Nashville and told everybody, "We found our name, and it's perfect! The LoCash Cow-boys." And every single person said, "That will never work." We were way ahead of the curve. To this day, most of the people who said it would never work have forgotten they said that. Now they're like, "Man, I just love that name! I knew it would work all along."

Let's talk about some of the songs. Your lead single is "Chase a Little

Love." Preston, you wrote this with Jaron Boyer.

PB: Yeah. It's a cool love song. I love the passion of the innocent. It's all about getting a kiss from this girl, but there's so much passion behind it. You can feel it in the vocal performance and hear it in the lyrics. This guy is really into this girl. And then, from a production standpoint, it's got the new feel, what everybody's hearing today on country radio, with a little bit more energy behind it.

How do you define the "new feel" in country music?

PB: Edgier, with monster drums from eighties rock, almost like Def Leppard. Ear candy, with that pop-contemporary thing going, like new Blake Shelton. One thing that Chris and I are trying to do is build some integrity with some personality to it. Because a lot of people have the wrong perception of us, whether they think we're country rappers, or hip-hop country, or whatever. While we do have fun, there's never been rapping. We do have a high-energy show, and we love to rock the house, so everybody calls us a party band. But until we had a big hit on the radio, we had to make our own excitement. A lot of people are going to find out on this album that we're established songwriters with serious songs.

You had a special guest on "Independent Trucker," the late

George Jones. What was that like for you? Did you meet him, or did he record his track elsewhere and send it over?

PB: Oh, no! He had me come into the vocal booth with him. I could tell he was really into the music, and that he wanted to help us, and he wanted to be part of it. He wasn't going to walk away from that microphone without it sounding the way we all wanted us to sound. And he did it. He pulled it off. He sounds like the old George Jones on it.

CL: He nailed it. Jeffrey Steele wrote it [with Chris Stapleton], and we were like, "Jeff, we've gotta have this song!" And we said, "But we wanna get George Jones on it." He said, "How are you gonna do that?" Preston was like, "George is a really good friend of ours. We're gonna ask him." And we just asked him and he said yes. It was a red-letter day for everyone. I'd never seen Jeffrey Steele act like a ten-year-old boy before, until George Jones walked into the studio.

Having country star and respected songwriter Jeffrey Steele so involved with your album as a producer and a writer on six tracks is a huge stamp of approval for you guys. How did you meet him?

PB: Well, for years, we sat in that deejay booth at the Wildhorse when big-name concerts came in, just dreaming and wishing we could be on that stage. Then in 2008, we headlined the Redman & Maxim tour. Nashville was the big stop, the grand show of the 14-city tour, and we sold out the Wildhorse. That was the first time we'd been back to the club since we quit. It was a dream come true to walk on that stage and see the whole place sold out. John Rich was the host, and Jeffrey Steele had come with John to the show, not intending to stay long. But we didn't know that. Well, we fired into our show, and girls crushed up to the stage, and we sang a Jeffrey Steele song. It was almost impossible to get up there, because it was just so packed with people. But right in the middle of the song, he fought his way to the front row, and ended up way off to my left. Now it's all girls and



one guy with crazy hair waving me down. And I'm like, "Who's this guy? We're gonna need security." Then I recognized him by the tattoos on his fingers, because they spell out his son's name, Alex, who died in an ATV accident. So I went over to him.

CL: Yeah, and I didn't understand any of this, and I was P.O.-ed 'cause he left me holding a harmony note.

PB: Yeah, that was bad! Sorry, Chris. Anyway, Jeffrey started laughing and mouthing, "I get it! I hear it! I see it!" And he said, "Call me. All you need is the songs." And he fell backward into the crowd. Which was great, except I was so excited I didn't get the number!

CL: It took us three months to get the number. It's a very protected phone number, and no one would believe our story. But now he's our mentor. He calls himself the third LoCash Cowboy.

How did you two figure out you would be good together when you were first at the Wildhorse?

CL: We went out on a mike one day together, and the banter alone took everybody by surprise. We started pulling in people just to hear that, without us even singing. It took me back to the days when Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin had the crowd in the palm of their hand and made them part of the show. It's really all about the crowd. It's not about us. It's about making people feel their lives are changing. That first day on the mike, we were both thinking, *Crap, we've got something here, dude!* I said, "I hope you sing." He was like, "I do, do you?" And I'm like, "Yep," and that's the way it started.

How do the two of you work together?

CL: It's funny how we play good cop/bad cop with a lot of stuff. It's like Mom and Dad. And that would make you Mom, Preston.

PB: No, you would be Mom. I'm definitely Dad.

CL: It's true. Everything we do, Preston is the one who talks a lot. He's a salesman, man. He could be president. Seriously. And I would be more like the secretary of defense. That's how we compare ourselves.

Top and bottom: At the Academy of Country Music Awards All-Star Jam in April 2012. Middle: the 40th anniversary of the Country Music Association music festival in June 2011.

He's very politically correct, and I'm very, "Okay, we're going to unleash Chris now." And in different ways, I'll be the politically correct one. It's always been that way. It's like yin and yang. We get along. Everybody has their arguments, but there's never been a horrible argument, like, "I'm quittin' this band." And trust me, we've had every opportunity to quit and give up.

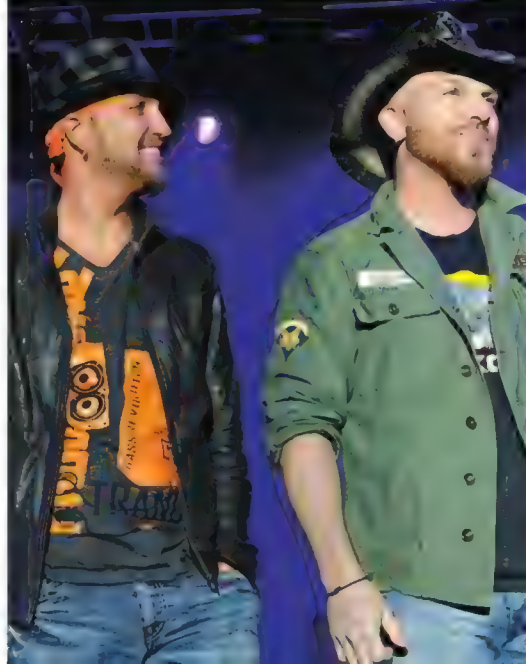
PB: Yeah, we thought we'd get another deal real easy, just like we got the first one. But it wasn't so easy the second time around. So we ended up hooking a U-Haul to my Jeep and we hit the road, and we started doing shows all over America. That first year, we played a lot of clubs for 500 bucks. A three-hour show for 500 bucks. And it was a money-back guarantee. It's kind of an interesting concept. Our booking agent came up with it. The club had to call the agent on Monday. And if the club didn't like the show, they got their \$500 back. If they did like the show, they had to book three more shows with increases in payment. We were ready and eager to go, but, man, it takes a lot of fortitude and dedication to pull off a tour like that. Because you definitely aren't breaking even. The label is so impressed that we've been through so much in 11 years and still held it together, and haven't let anything seep through the cracks. But we've also lost it all.

CL: People say, "You've got to lose it all to get it all," and we really have lost it all. Personally, we've gone through money problems, we've lived off tuna fish, we've lived off macaroni and cheese, we've done it all.

PB: And to get deeper, we've lost faithful people. We had a fiddle player in our band, Ryan Jones. We called him Stormtrooper. He was with us seven years. He's one of our brothers. And he suddenly passed away. This was in 2011. He got really sick July 4, and then he passed in October. That was tough.

CL: It was the same year my dad passed away, and my aunt died two weeks later.

PB: Yeah, all in the same year, the Troop passed away, we lost our deal, and the single "Keep in Mind" failed



because the label didn't have enough money to push it past [No.] 30 [on the charts]. And then the label put out another single that nobody heard about because it didn't put any kind of promo behind it. So we watched that flop in the 50s, and the label closed its doors. But then we got a phone call and the guy said, "This is Keith Urban. I'm releasing your song 'You Gonna Fly' as my next single." That changed everything.

What kept you together in the darkest days before that phone call?

CL: We leaned on each other, man, and the guys in the band. There were times when I needed it. I mean, losing my dad was just ... he was my best friend. The guys who've been with us a while knew my father, and my aunt, and, of course, Troop, so we've had each other for support there. And being onstage really is like a drug. To see people sing your words and know that we're doing something that's much bigger than we are truly kept us going.

What are your musical backgrounds?

PB: I grew up in the Church of Christ, so I come with a gospel edge. My daddy's a preacher, and I wasn't allowed to listen to any secular music, really. I grew up with a hymnal. My great uncle was Albert E. Brumley, who wrote "I'll Fly Away," so we always had that gospel root in our family. There were more than 600 songs in my songbook at church, and I could sing all four parts to all 646 songs, because I was at church three or four times a week with my daddy.

CL: And I grew up with the spawn of Satan [laughs].

PB: We've got a little heaven and a little hell!

CL: I grew up with Mötley Crüe, Quiet Riot, and Whitesnake. They were my first concerts. I loved all that head-bangin' stuff. I loved eighties rock and then got into R&B. I'm very versatile with all my music. Growing up, my grandfather made me listen to Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin, and after a week of that, I fell in love. To this day, I still listen to that. Good music is good music, whether it's country, R&B, or hip-hop. I was a huge country boy, from Hank Williams Jr. to Joe Diffie to Tracy Byrd.

"[George Jones] had me come into the vocal booth with him. He was really into the music, and he wanted to help us, and he wanted to be part of it. He wasn't going to walk away without it sounding the way we all wanted."



How did you blend those tastes with Preston's?

CL: We met in the middle. He started teaching me some gospel songs with great harmony, and I started teaching him some rock 'n' roll. His favorite band right now is Mötley Crüe, and he doesn't understand that they came out in, like, '81.

PB: And Chris's new favorite song is "Be With Me, Lord" [both laugh]. And "Jesus, Hold My Hand."

CL: But the coolest way we met in the middle was that we both played country music, and we learned a lot from the harmonies of Boyz II Men. Those are some of the best harmonies in the world. And we learned from Garth Brooks. He's the epitome of a country-music star. I watched him do it and I said, "I want to do this thing."

PB: Even though my house was a gospel house, I found three country records hidden in the closet. My mom had bought 'em. We never talked about secular music, only gospel music. We had this little record player, and I would literally hide in the closet where the record player was and sit there in the dark and listen to these records over and over, real soft, so I wouldn't get caught. It was Eddie Rabbitt's "I Love a Rainy Night," Willie Nelson's "Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground," and the Oak Ridge Boys' "Bobbie Sue." I remember when Chris and I were forming LoCash and we were putting our first show together. I said, "So what songs do you know?" And he had all these songs he could sing. And he said, "What songs do you know?" And I was like [laughs], "Bobbie Sue," and "Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground," and "I Love a Rainy Night." And that was it, though I guess we could have done "Elvira" if we wanted to.

What does a preacher think of his son playing this kind of music for a living?

PB: Oh, he loves it. He comes out on the bus with us. He knows our tour schedule better than I do. He carries a printed schedule folded up in his



front pocket. Kinda geeky, kinda nerdy, and he puts his reading glasses on and tells us where we're going to be throughout the year. We're living week by week, but he's got it all figured out for the year. Besides, he's not a fire-and-brimstone preacher.

CL: No, or Pops would have set me on fire by now!

You made your Grand Ole Opry debut on Mother's Day weekend 2011. Was that a big thing for you, or do young artists think that's just too hokey now?

CL: To play the Opry is like graduating college for any country-music artist.

PB: And on Mother's Day weekend, with your mom in the crowd? It just doesn't get any better.

CL: It was my dad's dream to see us on the Grand Ole Opry, and he died a couple of months before that, so it was hard. We got to sing "Keep in Mind," and I came off the stage crying. Everybody was there—my in-laws, my mom—and they were all giving me hugs. They said, "What's wrong?" I said, "It's a bittersweet moment." And Preston looked at me and said, "Man, your dad's got the best seat in the house." And that's how that song, "Best Seat in the House," was created. It's the most emotional song we've

ever written, because it's a true story. It's strictly written for my father, but everybody can relate to it, because everybody's lost someone, so everybody wants to believe that their loved one has the best seat in the house.

What sorts of odd jobs did you have before music worked out for you?

CL: I used to repair elevators, I sold carpet, worked in a candy store, and I was a tire specialist. My father used to say, "Son, it's a great life, if you don't weaken."

Meaning alcohol and drugs?

CL: Uh-huh. And I never have, and that's because of my dad and my mom. I played football and baseball a lot, and football helped me with my career more than anything, because of the discipline, the never giving up. I was the smallest guy on the team. And, let's see ... I worked at Six Flags in Maryland, and Busch Gardens and Kings Dominion in Virginia, Spirit Cruises, a lot of theme-park stuff. That also prepared me, because I learned how to sing harmonies and be out in front of millions of people.

PB: I worked at a candy store, too, and in a clothing store, and in the business department at Sam's Club. I wrote my first song on the paper route. I was 11 or 12 years old, and I would be out there just humming stuff, passing time. When your daddy's a preacher and your mother is a stay-at-home mom, there's not a lot of money coming in. I have two brothers, and it was a work-together

“A lot of people have the wrong perception of us, whether they think we’re country rappers, or hip-hop country, or whatever. While we do have fun, there’s never been rapping. We have a high-energy show, and we love to rock the house.”

atmosphere. We all had paper routes, and that’s the only money we ever saw as boys. I don’t remember one day when my parents gave me an allowance, because it wasn’t there to give.

Chris, you’re from Baltimore, and Preston, you hail from Kokomo, Indiana. That’s where the eighties country star Sylvia was from. Did you see her in concert when you were growing up?

PB: I think only two music stars came to town when I was little. One was Huey Lewis and the News. The other was Sylvia. She gave a concert at Memorial Gymnasium [the high school gym], and it was sold out. It was so cool to see the whole town show up at those shows. I remember thinking, *Wow! What does it feel like to come home to Kokomo and be the local kid that made it?* And I always

wanted to do what she did because of that. Now Chris and I are doing the same thing. But I still haven’t met Sylvia.

Preston, you’re single, but Chris, you’re married, and you and your wife, Kaitlyn, have a young son, Caden. Are any of these new songs about them?

CL: Yeah, “You Make It Look Good” is about Kaitlyn. I literally was at the gym on the exercise bike, and my wife was running on a treadmill in front of me. And I thought, *Man, who is that girl? She’s hot. I was like, Would I be attracted to my wife if I wasn’t married, and she walked into a gym?* I closed my eyes and opened ‘em back up, and I was looking at her running on that treadmill in her little workout outfit, and I was like, *Man, she makes that treadmill look good!* It’s all about the girl. 

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) RICK DIAMOND/GETTY IMAGES, (BELOW) THE FACTORY PHOTOGRAPHY BY GOLDY LOCKS



RIDE HER, COWBOY!

**This raunchy ranch hand knows how to get girls to saddle up.
As told to Ronnie Koenig**

I am a young guy who's an old-fashioned cowboy at heart. I've worked on ranches since I was 15, so yes, I ride horses, and no, I don't leave home without my cowboy hat. Women find me to be polite, and I think that's important. That doesn't mean I don't get the chance to get down and dirty. Not all girls want a cowboy to be polite all the time.

Last spring I competed in a rodeo, something I'd never done before. Even though I've been riding horses since I could walk, that day I burst out of the chute on a horse that was bucking like crazy. I got thrown to the ground and nearly trampled before a couple of guys put me out of my misery and pulled me out of the arena. When I was in the backstage area, I just lay on the ground with my eyes closed, my pride hurt more than my body. I opened my eyes on the most wondrous thing I'd ever had the chance to behold. Sure, they were typical rodeo groupies, but their bodies were anything but ordinary. The brunette had an hour-glass figure, and the athletic blonde had legs a mile long. Looking at them was worth keeping my eyes open.

"You all right?" they asked, leaning over me, breasts spilling out

of their tight tank tops.

"Better now."

The blonde reached down and put a hand on my thigh as she introduced herself and her friend. "I think he's hurt," Darla said to Libby.

"We better take you home and fix you up," added Libby with a glint in her eye. Then she brushed her hand across the crotch of my jeans, like she was checking to see if everything was still in working order.

When we got to my motel room, the girls started kissing each other. "I don't know if I'm in any condition to perform," I said, already enjoying the show.

"You just relax, we'll make you feel good," said Darla, taking off her shirt to reveal a pair of the most pert breasts I'd ever laid eyes on. Then Libby took off her tank top, freeing a bouncy set of D-cups.

The girls got me out of my jeans and Darla worked my pole while Libby kissed and licked my heavy balls. The sight of two topless buckle bunnies working me over had me ready to explode fast and hard. Finally, I couldn't hold back any longer. As I caught my breath—again—I watched

them share the fruits of their labor, swapping my semen back and forth as they kissed. Unfortunately, our playtime ended then, but I swear I'll remember every detail of that two-girl blowjob till the day I die.

Before I owned my own ranch, I worked on one that belonged to a family friend. I kept busy during the day herding cattle and doing handy-man jobs. The owner's daughter Sarah made it a point to come out and visit me during the day whenever she could. She'd bring me lemonade and sandwiches, and stay to watch me work just a little bit longer than necessary.

"It must be hard working out here all day in the sun," she said one day, stroking my bare arm ever so slowly. I noticed she was wearing even less clothing than usual. In fact, her dress looked more like a negligee and

She came out wearing nothing but my chaps and a tiny lace thong. "I'm ready for you, cowboy," she said, easing herself back onto me until my entire cock filled up her tight bottom.

I could see her hard nipples through the fabric. She took me by the hand and led me over to an empty corral where we trained horses. I weighed the thought of what I wanted to do with her against my loyalty to her father, finally deciding to go for it. She was of age, and she was hot.

Before I could overthink it, I pushed her up against the pen so she could hold on and lifted the back of her dress. She pushed her ass out toward me invitingly, and when I worked my fingers between her soft pink folds, I found she was soaking wet. Just as the head of my cock entered her, she whispered, "I've never done this before." For a moment I thought she meant she'd never had sex outside, but then I quickly caught on: She was a virgin.

"Are you sure you want to do this with me?" I asked. Sarah told me that she was 100 percent sure, that she wanted to get ready to experience everything college would have to offer. I promised to go nice and slow on her. I reached around to play with her tits and clit, and she was swaying her hips back against me by the time I was deep inside her, doing pretty well for a first-timer. Thankfully, her dad never found out about the daily lemonade breaks we took for the rest of the summer!

On a trip to the big city—Billings, Montana—I met April, a sassy little city girl. She was barely five feet tall, with a stacked body that I couldn't help but take notice of when she got up on the mechanical bull in a Western dance bar. I had to meet her. We shared a few beers that night, and promised to keep in touch. A few weeks later, she called me up and I invited her to come visit me on my ranch. She arrived in an outfit totally inappropriate for work—which was what I needed to do. She looked sexy as hell, but I couldn't have her breaking her ankle, so I took her into my room and told her to change into some practical clothes.

I was fixing us something to eat when she came out wearing nothing but my chaps and a tiny lace thong. "Is this okay?" she asked. I spun her around and bit into the juiciest ass

cheek I'd ever tasted. Back in my bedroom, April offered her ass to me in an even more special way. "Are you sure I won't hurt you?" I asked. This was one small lady.

"I'm ready for you, cowboy," she said, easing herself back onto me until my entire cock filled up her tight bottom.

I let her set the pace, and she rode me like a champ until my balls seized up and I shot my load deep inside her ass. The best part was when she let me watch my cream slowly make its way out of her asshole as it puckered open and shut.

The next morning, April put on one of my flannel shirts and I led her outside. "Can I give that thing a try?" she asked, pointing to my skid-steer loader.

I had reservations, but told her to hop into the driver's seat.

"How does this work?" she asked, playing with the levers.

"Why don't you let me show you," I said, ejecting her from the seat and sitting down myself. April wasn't deterred. She climbed right up on my lap, facing me, and unbuttoned her shirt, shoving her ample tits in my face. I realized I wasn't going to get any work done while she was here. We got naked right there, and she rode me even better than she'd ridden that bull in the Western bar.

"Are you sure no one can see us?" she asked as she bounced up and down on my cock, her large breasts swaying in my face.

"No one's around for miles, baby," I promised her.

The next day my neighbor, an old-timer, told me that my new friend looked like she was a lot of fun. We both laughed, and then he thanked me for the entertainment.

Being a cowboy is all it's cracked up to be—and then some. ☪



Wild Sex Positions

Shower sex and road head are popular fantasies for a reason. Check out these tips from *Fifty Shades of Pleasure: A Bedside Companion*, and make the most of your opportunities.

By Marisa Bennett • Illustrations by Robert Ullman

THE WHIRLPOOL

The Move

Adding water to your repertoire is the fastest way to steam things up between you and your partner. The skinny-dip tryst skips the hassle of undressing and goes straight for the slippery samba. For the Jacuzzi enthusiast, or the claw-foot-tub aficionado, here are some techniques to use to get the waves rolling.

Making It Happen

Getting dirty while you soap each other up can be a spontaneous rendezvous as you both get ready for work, or a sensually crafted, spalike getaway with candles and incense. Whichever you choose, ask your girl to check out and slide into these sexy positions the next time you've got her cornered with a little H₂O.

■ The Classic

If you're the type who likes to get slammed against a wall, the shower is a perfect place to do it. The combination of hot water pouring down on you and your partner, and the immediate, sexy visual of one another stripped down and covered in slippery suds is enough to get even the most frigid all hot and bothered. When he pins you against the tile wall—and he will—sneak a little nearby conditioner and start massaging his shaft and his balls. This spa treatment will have him ready for anything. Raise a leg to his hips so that he knows you want to be wrapped tightly around him, then have him pick you up by the hips, and let the shower wall support you as he thrusts into you. If he has a hard time keeping you up, or you find you're having a hard time participating, keep one leg wrapped around him and support your other foot with the corner of the shower or the edge of the bathtub.

■ The Double-Header

Removable showerheads are the gods'—or Home Depot's—gift to sex. Get those hard-to-reach areas by facing the shower wall with your arms up and hands palming the tile. Having him stand behind you will give him free rein to rub you down, kiss your neck, and aim that showerhead where he thinks you've been a naughty girl. Let him enter you from behind, and if you're lucky enough to have two faucets, the primary faucet can spray water where he's thrusting you into ecstasy while he lets the second showerhead pound its way to your climax.

■ Bubbling Over

There's a reason why flexibility and sex go hand-in-hand. This position is easier for the guy (in other words, he just shows up), and requires a little





bendability from the girl. As he stands under the hot stream of water, have him enter you from behind as you slowly bend over. Being able to touch your hands to the shower floor will get him 20,000 leagues into you, which will give your G spot extra attention. When he has a rapid pace going, his balls will rhythmically slap against your clitoris, giving you double the stimulation. If you feel like he's riding the tide faster than you, move your hands from the floor to the edge of the tub. This change of angle will bring you into shallow waters, slowing down the pace a little, and let you concentrate on your own aquatic pleasure.

■ The Tub Tantra

With the shower running and a few inches of water to keep you warm, lie down the length of the bathtub. Encourage him to give you a good, soapy rubdown before you begin, so that you can slide back and forth in the tub more easily. Have him kneel down in the tub in front of you, lifting one of your legs up in the air, holding on to it as he moves into you and straddles the other. Rest your leg on his shoulder and have him use your thigh to pull himself deeper in and out of you. The sideways angle of your pelvis against him will fill you up, give you a sultry sensation that missionary style alone can't provide, and offer your clitoris that extra attention for the buildup you need.

■ The Typhoon Twist

This next position gets you tied up, twisted, and extra close-up with your partner. Sit down in a filled bathtub or on the bench of a Jacuzzi facing your partner. Straddle him with both your legs wrapped around each other in a tight, tantalizing embrace. Both of you should be sitting up so that your soapy, wet chests can silkily rub against each other, letting your passion boil over with a seriously seductive make-out session. To get even closer, lock your arms with his from under each of your knees, which will help your balance. If this position gets too tricky, have him lean back against the wall of the tub, and with the help of his shoulders or the bathtub's edge, you can continue to ride him while looking like a sexy siren.



FULL THROTTLE

The Move

Don't subdue your sexual energy just because you're outside the house. Cars come in all shapes and sizes, and, lucky for you, so do sex positions. Reclining seats, well-timed music, moonroofs, and soft leather are sexy ingredients for a very tasty tryst. Have your girl read up on these positions so when you can't keep your hands off each other long enough to make it home, you can pull over and test out the bells and whistles your car dealer never told you about.

Making It Happen

Sex in a car will get your engine roaring in a way that being in a bedroom just can't—the close quarters and fear of getting caught will have your windows fogging up in no time.

Power Steering

Sometimes guys just want you to take the wheel. When he's in the driver's seat, get him revved up by leaning over and kissing his neck and nipping at his ears, unbuttoning his shirt as you go. Gently run your hands along his skin until he's tingling with excitement. When his engine's humming, move over to the driver's seat with your hands on the wheel.


Face the windshield, and slowly slide down on his shaft. Use the steering wheel for support as you ride him, giving all your horsepower to this sexy take on reverse cowgirl.

Backseat Booty

If the front seat has you feeling cramped, move to the backseat, where those thoughtful automobile manufacturers have conveniently supplied you with a couch. Have him sit in the middle seat, where you can easily straddle him. This position gives him a full view and great access to your body, where he can hold you tightly as you drive him into oblivion. This position will let him go nice and deep, and since his back is supported by the car's seat, your clitoris will grind right up against him as you go. With his hands on your hips, try arching your back as far back as possible, using either his shoulders or the back of the seat for support, so that the tip of his penis rubs against the inside wall of your vagina. If the windows are rolled up, you'll work up a steamy sweat, which will make the ride nice and slick. Be sure to roll the

windows down when you're done to get a refreshing breeze while you cool down.

Driving Stick

The open road is full of possibilities—and so is road head. Of course, your partner probably has a hard enough time concentrating on the road if you're kissing his neck, so giving him head will be sure to send you into oncoming traffic. It's better to try this when the engine isn't running, where he'll be able to lean his head back and be glad you decided to take his car. Giving him head while you're in the passenger's seat is a tricky move—your mouth is perpendicular to where it normally is, which will make his penis feel like it doesn't fit the way it should. To avoid accidentally biting him, either be hyperaware of how your mouth fits and go slowly, or move your knees to the floor of the passenger's seat so you're closer to a typical blowjob position. He'll be able to grab the steering wheel—or your ponytail—when you're sending him over the edge. 



Excerpted from *Fifty Shades of Pleasure*, by Marisa Bennett. Reprinted by permission of Skyhorse Publishing, Inc.



Good to Know

The news is often shocking and depressing, and sometimes the “feel-good stories of the year” go unreported. Case in point: Recent studies indicate that orgasms are good for you. Who knew? I always thought they were merely the meaning of life, but it turns out they are, in fact, more scientific.

Upon busting a nut, we release magical hormones called oxytocin and vasopressin. Oxytocin is best known as a facilitator for childbirth and breast-feeding—but it’s so much more! When we climax, oxytocin calms us down, makes us feel euphoric, and deepens feelings of attachment.

Vasopressin, which has been called the “monogamy molecule,” is similar. This was discovered by scientists who studied both monogamous and slutty rodents; the scientists learned that the sluts lack the receptors for vasopressin that the monogamous ones have.

Another study, done at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital way back in 1999, discovered that people who had one or two orgasms a week looked around ten years younger than those who didn’t. Other unofficial studies conducted by every human who’s ever fucked to orgasm have found that it’s also great exercise. So splooge away, people! It’s cheaper than Botox, gym memberships, and antidepressants.

And the good news keeps coming.

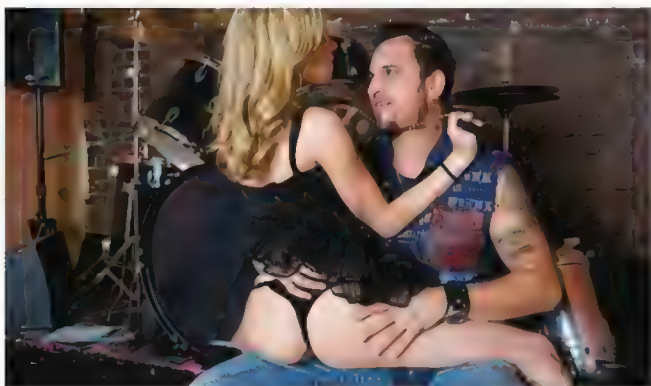
While there’s still no cure for cancer, a recent study has shown that squeezing boobs can help *prevent* breast cancer. A research team at the University of California at Berkeley grew malignant breast epithelial cells within a gel injected into flexible silicone chambers, which the scientists were then able to compress during the first stages of cell growth, effectively squashing the cells. There’s more to it than that, but I’m competing with photos of actual boobs here, so I’ve got to keep it brief. In short, the researchers soon found that the cells grew in a more organized way, and eventually ceased growing even after compression was stopped. Whoever said science was boring obviously didn’t work on this study. The next time you squeeze your lady’s funbags, do it “for the sake of her health.” Thank you, science nerds.

Recent studies indicate that orgasms are good for you. Well, duh.

The Duh Report

Sometimes the news points out tidbits of information that everyone is already aware of. For instance, a recent study in France revealed the groundbreaking news that musicians get laid more easily than other guys. This is valuable information if you've never read any one of the thousands of rock-star memoirs occupying bookstore shelves.

Nicolas Guéguen of the Université de Bretagne-Sud took an attractive 20-year-old man to a busy district in France, where he was to approach 300 women, ages 18 to 22, flirt with them, and ask for their phone numbers. In one-third of these instances he held a guitar case; in the other two-thirds he either held a gym bag or nothing at all. An overwhelming majority responded favorably to the "musician," while "gym-bag holder" was the big loser. The study espoused various theories as to why, ranging from the fact that musical ability shows a degree of mental prowess to the fact that music was used in primitive courtship rituals. My theory: Women under 30 still believe musicians can be decent boyfriends, which is kind of like believing in unicorns. It's just something you have to grow out of.



You Don't Say?

In an even more astounding study, compiled by Carsten Grimm at the University of Canterbury in New Zealand, it was discovered that people like sex. I'm pretty sure the fact that Homo sapiens have been fucking for 200,000 years is proof enough, but Grimm needed a bona fide, proven hypothesis. Using text messages, he and a team of researchers created a map of the activities people identified as bringing them the most and least happiness. Activities were rated in three categories: pleasure, meaning, and engagement. Shockingly, sex won in all three! It's like the Michael Phelps of life. "Drinking alcohol" came in second in terms of pleasure, but ranked tenth in meaning. "Volunteering" came in third, next to "meditating/religion." Weirdly, "Facebook"—the one thing people do *more* of than fuck, drink, or pray—was ranked as the second-least enjoyable activity, right below "recovering from sickness." Maybe this news *is* shocking after all, and perhaps everyone should get off their computer, pick up a guitar case, hit the streets, get some phone numbers, and do what makes us happiest. **OTW**



Quote of the Month

Whatever you're doing, just do the opposite—
just go at him with love and you give him a blowjob.

Gwyneth Paltrow's advice to a friend on how to handle being angry with her husband



aiming high

Capri Cavanni has plans for getting where she wants to be in life, and a passion for taking care of others, whether it's the animals she shares her life with or the people she meets as a nursing student. All we know is, one look at her was enough to convince us that she'd be the perfect cure for anything that ails us.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire







"I work as an erotic model and porn star, which is kind of perfect for me. My favorite things about it are the sex, the money, the women, and that I get to dress up every day."







"I have sex in public all the time. I've made love on an x-ray table at the hospital, in the car, in parks, in store changing rooms...."





"I think a zoo or aquarium is the perfect place for a date. There is so much to see that you can't possibly get bored, even if your date ends up being a boring person."




♀ CAPRI CAVANNI
SEPTEMBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RP







A full-page photograph of a woman with long, straight blonde hair, sitting on a white, modern-style armchair. She is nude, with her arms crossed over her lap. She is wearing light-colored, high-heeled pumps. She is looking off to the side with a slight smile. The background is a bright, minimalist interior with white walls and a large window.

“If I could have sex
with anyone, it would
be Angelina Jolie and
Brad Pitt together.
Oh, what I would do
to the two of them!”



✪ CAPRI CAVANNI
SEPTEMBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Vital stats:

34DD-25-35; 5'4"

31 years old

Hometown:

Vancouver, Canada.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

The food, people, mountains, water.

The people are so polite.

Your favorite vacation spot:

Hawaii. It was great, and I loved skydiving there.

Dream vacation spot:

Italy, which is where my family is from; Australia; Tokyo.

Favorite food:

Spaghetti, prosciutto, cheese.

Favorite kind of music:

House.

Favorite sports:

Football and hockey.

Favorite way to work out:

Sex or pole dancing.

Favorite way to relax:

Walking my dog.

Favorite TV shows:

The Golden Girls, House, Bates Motel.

Favorite movies:

Thelma & Louise, Fantasia 2000.

Favorite movie sex scene:

9 1/2 Weeks ... the entire film.

What gets you excited?

Roller coasters, anything else that gets my adrenaline going, and food.

What gets you in trouble?

My shopping habits.

You're always up for:

Sex.

You're never up for:

Not a thing.... I'm ready!

nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro



■ **What is the best way to move on from heartbreak? I'm mired in heavy three-year-relationship heartbreak.**

Heartbreak takes a really long time to get past. Sometimes it never fully goes away. I don't believe you have to "be alone for a while" or "take some time." I say go on light dates—dinner, movies, whatever. There's no need to jump into anything new romantically right away, but stay busy and social. Develop new experiences with new people, and possibly look into new things you may have been interested in but haven't done yet. A period of personal upgrading or re-invention is always inspiring. Find new films, music, and art that you enjoy. Stay active and move forward. You have an opportunity to grow as a person and to learn from your last relationship. Take that opportunity and make the most of it. The only other option is suffering.

■ **Can you commit to being with just one person? Sometimes I feel like that's impossible. Relationships these days are not as they used to be.**

I totally agree. It is hard. In this day and age, "intrigue" is just a Facebook-picture "Like" away. Now, clearly it's possible, and I have many friends who are in long-term committed relationships, but the fact remains that it is *much* easier to meet new and exciting people today than it was even ten years ago. In terms of social networking, one must remember that just about everybody puts up only


the best cross section of their life: Pictures where they look hot at the club; at some interesting art opening; witty, well-thought-out posts and comments. Few people put up information about their emotional baggage, pictures of themselves lying in bed eating ice cream and weeping, etc. Just think about all your own dark, secret issues and use that filter when you're on the internet. That can help dull it all down a bit. If you can wade through the digital swamp, I truly believe you can make it work with the right partner. I just don't know how to do it myself!

■ **I'm a woman who's a bit older now (over 40), and I have trouble getting, um, moist. What's a good way to bring this up with a male love interest?**

I don't know that you have to bring it up. Just invest in some lube. There's a variety of lubricants available on the market today, some that smell or taste nice, some that heat up, some that are designed to enhance sexual experiences in some other way. Why don't you just investigate those and explain that you enjoy the results? I'm certain that approaching it that way would only improve the experience,

rather than take away from it and put you in the position of needing to "explain" your situation. Make it a hot playtime accessory. "Let's use this warming lube!" sounds a lot sexier than, "I'm over 40 and have trouble getting wet."

■ **Is it appropriate to remarry after having been divorced? And if so, would you discuss the causes of the divorce with the next wife?**

Yes, of course it is. Why shouldn't you go on with your life and follow your heart and dreams? As for discussing the causes of the prior divorce, I say yes, talk about them. Not because you owe her an explanation and not because she "should" hear it. I say yes because you're considering sharing a life with someone who is meant to be your partner and closest ally. You should feel comfortable sharing anything with her. If you aren't certain that you can, I suggest reconsidering the whole thing. So many people get into marriages with secrets and insecurities and fears that it's no wonder so many fail. This woman is to be your partner, your future, and your best friend. To keep such a huge part of your life from her would be almost dishonest. 

AMSTERDAM

Debauchery is a longtime staple of Amsterdam's tourism industry, thanks to loosey-goosey laws on marijuana and prostitution. But the laws may be changing. Here's what you need to know to take full advantage of the city's famous attractions.

By Kara Wahlgren



The capital of the Netherlands is rich in history and lined with miles of glittering canals that earned it the nickname "Venice of the North." But let's be real. Amsterdam is better known for its greenery than its scenery. Plenty of tourists hope to make the most of the city's lax marijuana laws and its legalized prostitution.

Here's the thing: Marijuana isn't *technically* legal in the Netherlands. It's just that police can't arrest you for anything less than five grams—kind of like you won't get pulled over for driving two miles above the speed limit on the turnpike. But that leniency in Amsterdam could come to an end if certain lawmakers have their way. Last year, a policy was proposed that would prohibit Dutch coffee shops from selling marijuana to nonresidents. A few towns jumped on board, and the crackdown was expected to take effect in the capital earlier this year. The mayor shot it down, but it was a reminder that the anything-goes vibe isn't guaranteed to last forever. Why not head there now, while everything is still awesomely status quo? Here's your guide to making the most of your time in the freewheeling Dutch wonderland.

Mövenpick Hotel



Canal houses



Houseboat



Hostel



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BACKGROUND) ICHARD IANSON/GETTY IMAGES, (MÖVENPICK HOTEL) HESMUND/ALAMY, (CANAL HOUSES) JVAN DER WOLF/ALAMY, (HOUSEBOAT) SHAWN HEMPEL/ALAMY, (HOSTEL) MARTIN MOOS/GETTY IMAGES



WHERE TO CRASH

Given the decadence Amsterdam has to offer, you'll need a decent place to sleep it all off. You don't want to slum it in a hostel infested with bedbugs, but coughing up big bucks for a stuffy historic hotel might not be your idea of money well spent, either. These are easier on your wallet.

Nondowntown Hotels

What's good: If you don't mind taking a ten-minute walk or a short tram ride, you can shack up at a four-star business hotel like the Mövenpick or the Hilton for a fraction of the price of a hotel in the city center.

What's bad: It's a long stumble back at night.

Bed-and-breakfasts

What's good: These are usually comfy rooms in canal houses—not the floral wallpaper, shared bathrooms, and uptight hosts you might envision when you hear “B&B.”

What's bad: Canal houses don't have elevators, so you might end up climbing four steep stories to your cozy little room.

Houseboats

What's good: These floating apartments are anchored along the canals, and run about \$200 a night. They're well-equipped and can help you save money on food, plus they provide the rare opportunity to use the pickup line, “Want to come back to my boat?” (If nothing else, you can abuse the “I'm on a boat” references when checking in on Facebook.)

What's bad: You'll want to stay close to the center of the action, but the busiest canals can be choppy, which isn't terribly pleasant after a long night.

Hostels

What's good: They're dirt-cheap, and everyone's there to party as hard as you are.

What's bad: Before you book, make sure you know the hostel's policy on curfews and lockouts. We're guessing your travel plans don't include getting back to bed by 10 P.M.

WHAT TO EAT

You can find everything from Chinese takeout to Middle Eastern street food to a 25-course Indonesian dinner. The only thing you'll have a hard time finding is *Dutch* food. There's not much in the way of a national cuisine, unless you count pancakes and French fries (which are technically Belgian, but close enough). Still, there are a few local favorites every visitor should try.

Rijsttafel. That's Dutch for “rice table.” This is basically an epic binge of Indonesian small plates. For as little as \$20, you'll get up to 25 samplers to share with your table (or polish off yourself). Sama Sebo and Blue Pepper are two of the most popular spots, but if you can't get a table there, smaller Indonesian restaurants will often put together a mini rijsttafel for you.

Pannenkoeken. Nothing helps a wicked hangover like a short stack, and the Dutch do pancakes like nobody's business. At the Pancake Bakery on Prinsengracht, you can get hair-of-the-dog hot chocolate and insane pancake concoctions like the Chilean (chili, minced meat, mushrooms, and onions) or the English (pears, ice cream, chocolate sauce, and whipped cream). You can also get your own breakfast of champions with toppings like Nutella, bacon, or brandy-soaked raisins.

Stamppot. In the winter, the Dutch swear by this comfort food, which is basically mashed potatoes mixed with kale, carrots, or sauerkraut, served with smoked sausage. It's not a huge restaurant staple, but you can find a frozen version in the supermarket, or seek out an IJscypje ice-cream shop, which churn out the taters during their winter season.

Street food. If you're traveling on a budget, grab some cheap grub at one of the food stalls along the canals. Raw herring with onions is a weirdly popular choice, but you can find waffles, croquettes, deep-fried meatballs, fresh-squeezed orange juice, and fries smothered in mayo.

Argentinean steak houses. For some reason, they're everywhere in Amsterdam. If you're jonesing for beef, you'll get as much as you can possibly handle here (along with a bad case of the meat sweats). Since the emphasis is on quantity, the quality can vary pretty widely, so your best bet is to ask for local recommendations.



HOW TO SMOKE

The magic word is *gedoogbeleid*. That's the policy of tolerance that allows you to brazenly blaze up in plain sight without worrying about spending your vacation in a Dutch prison. The policy allows you to carry up to five grams of marijuana for personal use, and "coffee shops" around the city are allowed to store 500 grams at a time. In some areas, *gedoogbeleid* is a luxury for residents only—but for now, Amsterdam's tourists still get a hall pass. Whether you're a connoisseur of weed or a novice smoker (hey, when in Rome, right?), you can have a hempstastic holiday.

Pick your poison. Are you looking to get stoned with spring breakers or mellow out to Bob Marley? The Bulldog chain is a user-friendly tourist magnet, while the Green House gets raves from *High Times* (and draws in a celeb clientele). But there are more than 100 coffee shops to choose from, ranging from swanky lounges to low-key cafés, so ask around, and make sure you specify the kind of vibe you're looking for.

Beware the brownies. A common rookie mistake is assuming that pot brownies will be a less-intense intro to cannabis. But ordering "space cakes" is actually an easy way to overdo it—the high takes a while to kick in, so you'll probably polish off the brownies long before you realize you're high as a kite. If you really don't want to smoke, stick to bite-size portions until you've learned your limits.

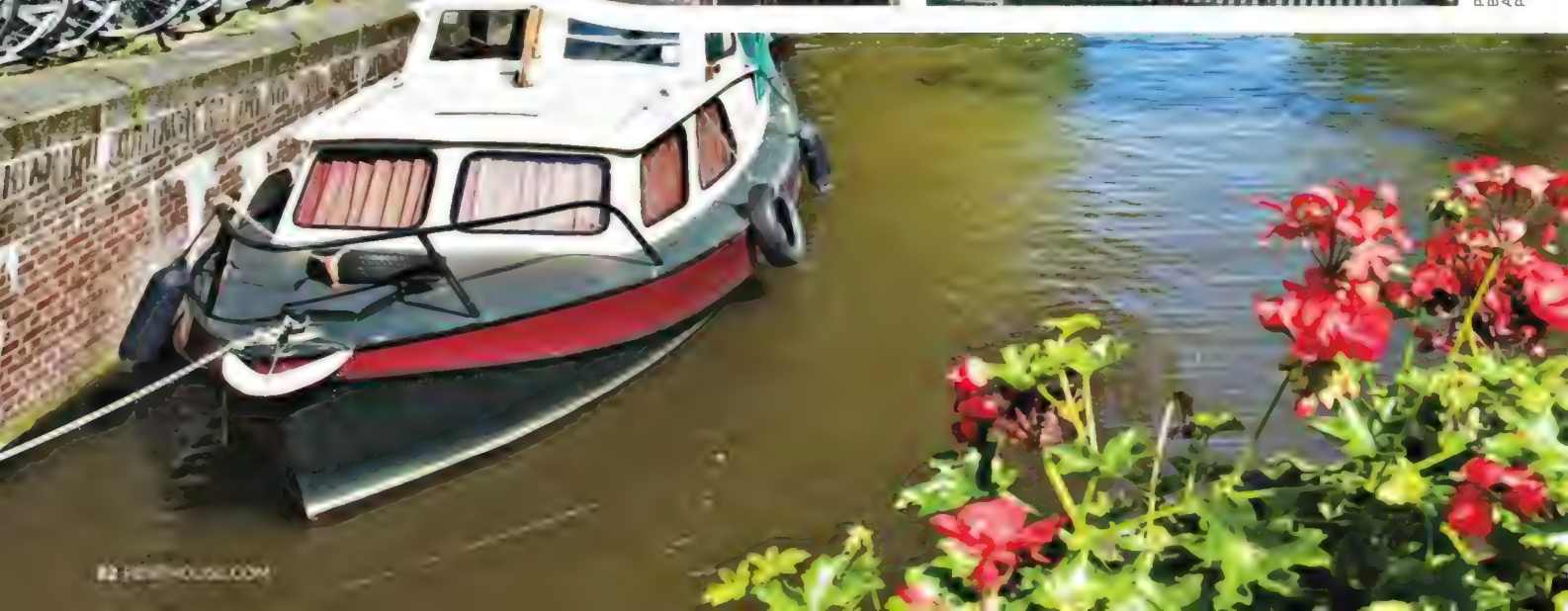
Take it slow. You're probably getting stronger shit than you would at home, so even if you consider yourself an aficionado, ease into it. You don't want to spend the first day of your trip facedown on a cobblestone street.

Ask questions. Haven't smoked since high school ... or ever? No worries. You won't be the first tourist to cut his teeth in the coffee shops, so just admit you don't know what the fuck you're talking about. The staff should be happy to help. If you get a douchey attitude, ditch the place—there's plenty of competition.

The Bulldog



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BACKGROUND) ALVARO LEIVA/GETTY IMAGES; (THE BULLDOG) BART PEEBBOOM/ALAMY; (THE GRASSHOPPER) EDO WESTMACOTT/ALAMY; (BROWNIE) JONATHAN ALAN/ISTOCKPHOTO; (THE HEINEKEN EXPERIENCE) PETER DEJONG/AP IMAGES; (LEIDSEPLEIN) HORIZONS WWW/ALAMY



WHERE TO DRINK

You're on the Amstel River, so it shouldn't be too surprising that good beer abounds. There are several different options when it comes to grabbing a glass.

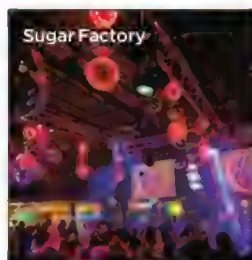
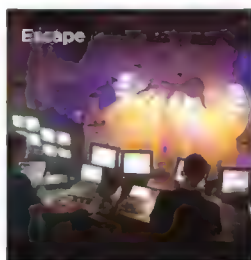
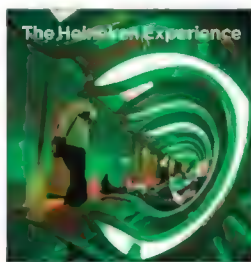
Brown cafés. These dark, cozy cafés with smoke-stained walls (that's where the name comes from) are basically the Amsterdam equivalent of an Irish pub. They open early and close late, so you can stop in whenever you need a break and nurse a beer or coffee without being rushed from your table. Some even offer quick, cheap bar food or sandwiches.

The Heineken Experience. On this self-guided brewery tour, you'll get the whole Heiny history, from small-biz roots to international success. They don't brew the beer here, but you can sniff out ingredients, walk through the horse stables, and kick back with a pilsner. If you're a beer buff, it's a fun way to spend an hour or two.

The squares. Drinking holes can be found all over the city, but two squares—Leidseplein and Rembrandtsplein—are the epicenter of the after-hours scene. Rembrandtsplein is the mellower of the two, with Dutch pubs, terraces for people-watching, and a park in the middle. Leidseplein is a little rowdier, with fire-eating street performers, the Paradiso concert venue, and hard-partying happy-hour bars like Café Amsterdammé.

The clubs. We tried to come up with a noncliché way to say "there's something for everyone," but whatever—there's something for everyone. Here are a few standouts:

- **Melkweg** is probably the best-known club in Amsterdam. It's a behemoth of a building, it's open till all hours, and it hosts everything from photography exhibitions to big-name concerts.
- **Basis** is a laid-back, comfy space with the usual drinks and dancing—but it also has a quirky "bring your own food" policy that allows guests to order takeout or whip up their own microwaveable concoctions. (And they wash the dishes for you.)
- **Escape**, a trendy hot spot and one of the biggest clubs in the city, knows how to throw a major party—with different music in each room and enough space for 2,000 guests. Be warned: The price tags are big, too: You'll pay a pretty hefty cover charge *and* a fee to pee in the bathrooms.
- **Sugar Factory**, a bare-bones, black-walled venue, is a thumping techno club one night and a local jazz club the next—check the schedule before you go.
- **Jimmy Woo** usually has a line (and a hint of exclusivity). The main level is house, with a mainstream lounge upstairs.



WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

Oh, maybe you've heard—prostitution is legal in Amsterdam. Don't forget to enjoy the city's booming sex industry.

The red-light district. It's officially known as De Wallen, and probably the most notorious neighborhood in the city. You can stroll the streets and literally window-shop for women. Prices start at around \$65 for a quickie, but even if you have no intention of making a purchase, the spectacle is worth seeing—and the women beckoning from the windows are surprisingly hot. Just resist the urge to Instagram it—if you're caught snapping pics, you could get your camera (or worse) broken.

Discreet services. If you don't want throngs of passing tourists to watch you haggling with a hooker in De Wallen, use an escort agency or visit a private house, where the nitty-gritty is worked out in a comfy waiting room. Tipping is recommended, of course. You can find reviews of reputable escorts and houses at TheEroticReview.com.

Sex clubs. Picture a strip club where you're allowed to have sex in the champagne room, and you've pretty much nailed it. You can mingle with the girls in the main bar—be prepared to buy them, and yourself, an overpriced drink—before choosing a companion for the private rooms. At a decent club, you might spend as much as \$350 for an hour of one-on-one time. And, like your wallet won't be hurting enough already, beware of scams—you might be coerced into getting a \$500 bottle of champagne or suckered into a \$100 cab ride.

Sex shows. These are basically X-rated variety shows—they typically open with a couple fucking onstage and close, inexplicably, with a “banana trick.” And yeah, it's as seedy as it sounds.

Sexmuseum. You're not getting laid here—that might actually break a few laws—but it's a kitschy tribute to porn, dildos, and the sexual revolution. (There are even a few vintage issues of *Penthouse* on display.)

Fun fact: The “XXX” symbol on flags around the city has nothing to do with the steamy sex industry—the Xs represent Saint Andrew's crosses, the official symbol of Amsterdam.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BACKGROUND) KIM KAMINSKI/ALAMY, (RED-LIGHT DISTRICT) BAILEY-COOPER/PHOTOGRAPHY/ALAMY, (SEX CLUB) JAMES HARRIS/ALAMY, (SEX SHOW) COLSTRAWEL/ALAMY, (SEXMUSEUM) GAVIN HELLER/ALAMY

WHERE TO GET AN ALIBI

Look, it's not all coffee shops and sex. Amsterdam is full of culture, and even if culture's not your thing, you should probably stop in at a few museums along the way—if only to cover your ass when your girlfriend, boss, or parents ask what you did on vacation. You might actually enjoy these:


Rijksmuseum. The state museum has a massive collection of Dutch masterpieces by Rembrandt, Vermeer, and more. If you're not an art buff, you might prefer the slightly smaller Van Gogh Museum, which features easily recognizable works from the famous ear-chopping artist and some of his contemporaries.

Vondelpark. The biggest park in Amsterdam draws in around ten million visitors each year. Rent a bike and explore the scenery and sculptures, or just sleep off a hangover on the open lawn.

Canal boat tours. This is the quintessential tourist experience in Amsterdam—well, the quintessential *G-rated* tourist experience. It's worth blocking out an hour or two to see the city from sea level. You can hop on a canal bus, book a gourmet dinner cruise, or do the standard tourist thing on a Blue Boat tour.

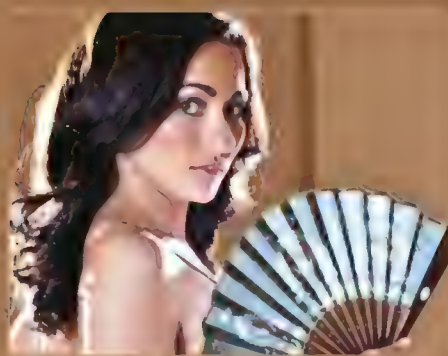
Queen's Day. If you happen to be in Amsterdam at the end of April, bring your A game—and an orange sweater. Every year on April 30, the Dutch honor the queen by dressing in head-to-toe orange and crowding the streets, bridges, and canals for a day full of hedonism and revelry. (Oh, and national pride, of course.) The Dutch call it *Konninginnedag*, but good luck getting that right after your second beer. The festivities usually kick off with wild parties the night before, followed by a full day of street festivals, basement parties, concerts, and fireworks shows.

ONE LAST TIP

Consider picking up an "I Amsterdam" card, which gets you unlimited public transportation and admission to more than 50 attractions around the city. 








fan dance

Michaela Isizzu is one of the latest porn stars to come out of the Czech Republic, and despite the language barrier, she's making a serious impression on American consumers of adult entertainment. That's not at all surprising, given the 23-year-old's classic good looks, gorgeous hair, and svelte physique.

Photographs by Davide Esposito







"Growing up, I did some girly athletics, like dancing and horseback riding, and also rock climbing and fishing with my grandfather. I would rather spend time with my family than go on a fancy vacation."

"I still run and dance for exercise,
and take walks with my dog.
Then I relax with a massage or
sauna and read books."







"I've never been a fan of one-night stands, and now I'm in a relationship, so I'm into discovering the fun of a sex life that's centered on staying home, not going out on dates."







"I've always preferred dates at home, when you relax with a good wine while talking or listening to music or watching a movie, so having that be the basis for my relationship is working out well."

SEE MORE OF MICHAELA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

Life of Ryan

A guy who plays (a little) hard to get could end up getting tackled by this sexually confident porn star.

By Ryan Keely

In this day and age, a lot of girls are getting naked on the World Wide Web. Whether they're porn stars, Penthouse Pets, webcam girls, or Average Janes who post naughty pics on tumblr or Facebook, there are so many girls in the game that running into one of your internet idols when she's out in the real world could actually happen. Your first instinct might be to go up to her and say that you're her biggest fan, but that could prove to be a *huge* mistake. If you want to get in this girl's pants, you just might have to tease her and tempt her until she tackles you.

That's right, I said *tackles*. Porn stars, Pets, and other glamour models are used to getting what we want sexually, and we're not afraid to go after it. A pickup technique like "negging" (belittling a woman with light insults so she'll try to get you to like her) will not work on a glamour model. It's outdated and transparent, and we've shot down guys trying it a million times. Here's the thing: We're constantly interacting with our fans at conventions and on social media. We're asked for autographs, we auction off our worn undergarments and shoes, and even casual fans clamor for photos with us. We're

aware of our value as women, and generally we're strong, confident, and self-assured. You can't get a girl like that to sleep with you by trying to lower her self-esteem.


A woman who is used to getting what she wants is very alpha, just as a man in that situation would be, and she likes to hunt and choose her target. You get on her radar by demonstrating that you have social value, that you're a cool guy and people like to be around you. Also, you should be groomed, good-smelling, and interested in the world around you. People with passions live passionate lives.


One of the biggest mistakes guys make is focusing all their energy on meeting one specific girl. You need to flip your game and make that girl want to meet you. The best thing you

can do is focus on the friends you're out with and others around you, and make sure that people are having an amazing time. Talk to and engage everyone around you—everyone except your target. Pets are used to being the center of attention, as well as being the object of too much attention. The guy who ignores them seems interesting and mysterious, and mysterious men are super-attractive. This is the only classic pickup technique I've ever seen work on a dream girl. And I can assure you that it's worked, because my last two boyfriends admitted months into the relationship that they used it. That's right, this simple pickup method worked on me twice.

I, like many professionally hot women, can't stand being ignored. And if there is a group of people having a great time and I'm not hanging out with them, I will do whatever it takes to get in the middle of them and meet the ringleader. It's a sick compulsion—and I'm not alone. I have seen girls do some *crazy* things to steal the spotlight.

There you have it. Go out with your friends, have a great time, and expand your group to include everyone but that gorgeous girl you've jerked it to in front of your computer. If you want to up your game, make eye contact and give her a sexy smirk, then turn back to your new friends. A little while later, peel off from your group and talk to her briefly in passing, just a couple of sentences, then move on. She'll come to you. When she does, engage in conversation with her, but always stick with the group. Don't let her be the center of your attention until you have her out on a date, or back at your place.


One last word of advice: Never compliment the obvious. She's a model, so she gets paid to be pretty. It's a really boring compliment and telegraphs that you're only into her for her looks. The same goes for her job—don't compliment her on her work. Especially avoid talking to her about her older work. If you come across as a fan, she'll put you in the fan zone. And if you think it's hard to get out of the friend zone... 



2011 Peccat
The Year
Winner-Up
Ryan Keely

Date Night

How do you get her out with you one-on-one? She probably doesn't want to go to dinner on a first date. Her life is interesting, and yours should be, too.

One of my favorite exercises, and a great way to expand your social sphere and meet more people, is to keep two tickets to an event on hand. It doesn't have to be anything fancy or expensive, but pick up tickets to a concert, a movie screening, a local theater, a wine tasting, a cooking class, a lecture, a gallery opening. Literally anything. No matter where you live, there's usually something going on for around \$10 a ticket. So you're out, you meet a girl, and you can invite her to something cool. It's not a dinner date that can be rescheduled. It's a one-time-only event. You have upped the stakes without upping the pressure. As it's a one-shot event, it'll be a lot harder for her to flake. Porn stars flake out and cancel plans a lot, usually via text. Don't get cranky, don't get passive-aggressive, don't make her feel guilty. That makes you very unattractive. Take someone else, or roll solo. You'll meet people, get more comfortable going to events, and become a more interesting person. And the interesting guy who doesn't get flustered by a last-minute cancellation ends up looking supercool. People who have high social value have active social lives, and frequently look at calendar entries as a list of options. Look at your date with her the same way. 

TAKE MY BOYFRIEND, PLEASE

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

When my ex-boyfriend moved out, I placed an ad in the local paper for a roommate to share expenses. A few days later I met Tracy, an emergency-room nurse. She warned me that her boyfriend, Stan, might hang around the place, but I was used to having a man in the apartment.

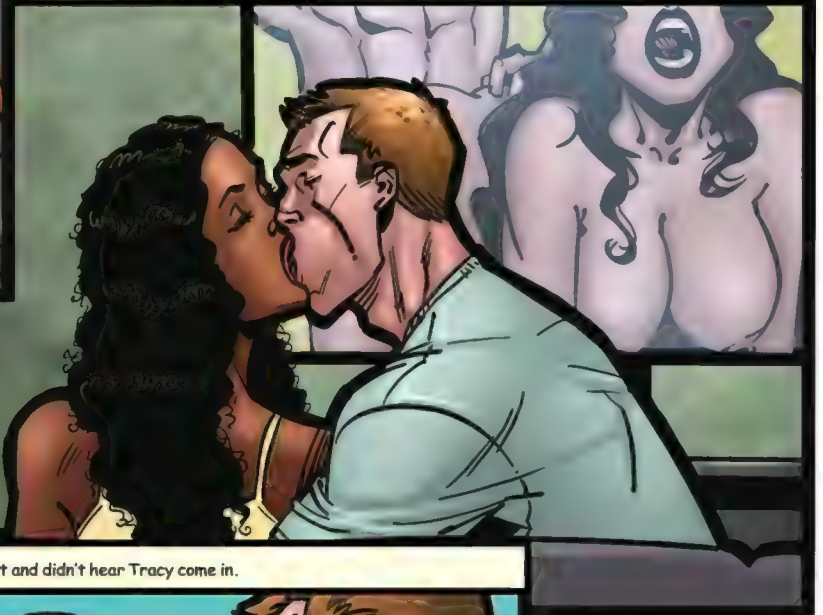


Gradually, I got used to walking around in only my underwear, even when Stan was around. And he was really hot! I'd always find a tight jar for him to open so I could admire his muscles.

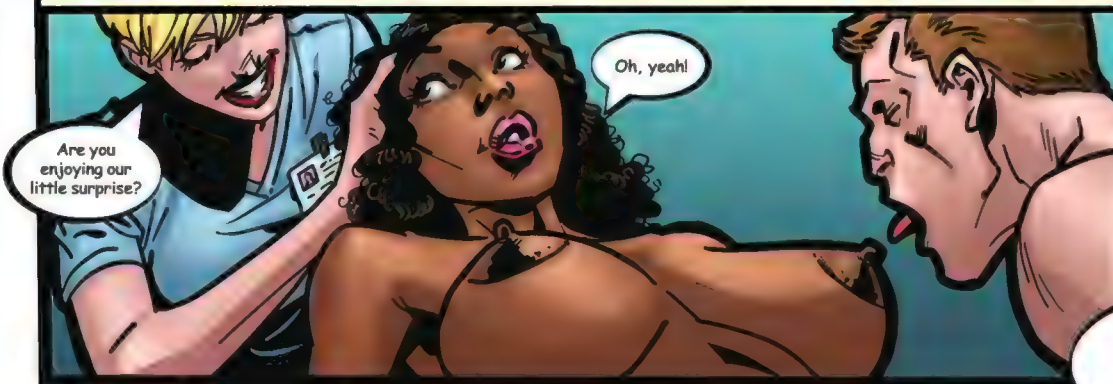




I was speechless, but soon Stan and I were kissing passionately and his hands were under my shirt, slipping it over my head.



With Stan flicking his tongue against my nipples, I was lost in the moment and didn't hear Tracy come in.



I've wanted to do that, and more, since I moved in.

Stan pulled off my jeans and panties and massaged my pussy, while Tracy kissed me, snaking her tongue around mine. I was in heaven.



When I opened my eyes, they were both as naked as I was.



Then she dove face-first into my pussy and began licking me. Meanwhile, I grabbed Stan's rigid pole and rolled his balls in my palm before pulling him closer.

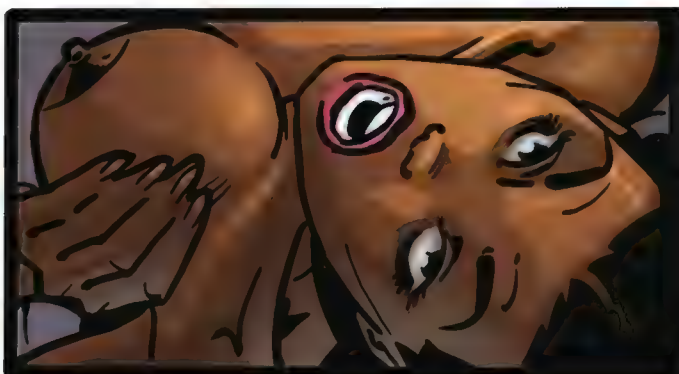


Tracy was lapping away at my pussy and finger-fucking me good and hard when I sucked Stan's cock into my mouth. I kept my eyes open to watch Stan as he thrust in and out.



When he was close to coming, he pulled out of my mouth and licked the deep valley between my breasts before gliding his cock between my big mounds. I cupped my tits together as he slid back and forth.

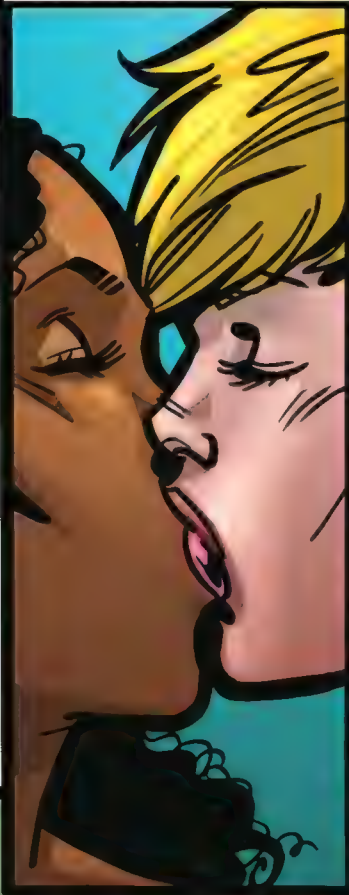




Suddenly, my pussy spasmed around Tracy's fingers and I came.

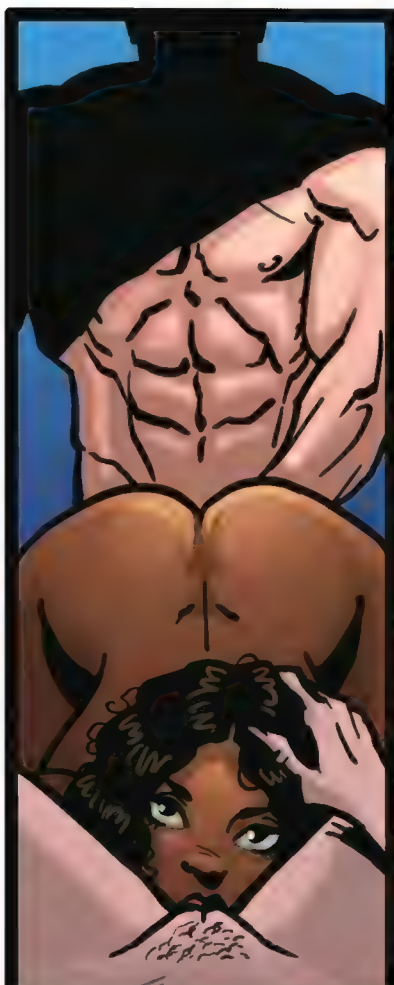
Stan grunted as he splashed me with his pearly come. As I rubbed the hot cream into my skin, Tracy licked up the stickiness from my tits.

When she kissed me again, I could taste Stan on her lips.

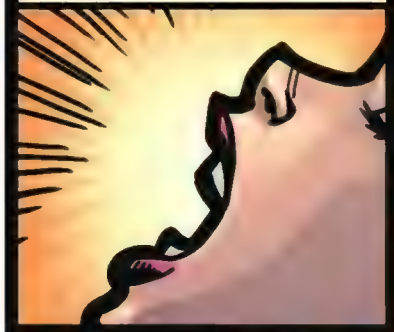


I pushed Tracy down on the couch and lapped at her glistening cunt. Stan stroked my slippery folds before pushing his cock inside me.

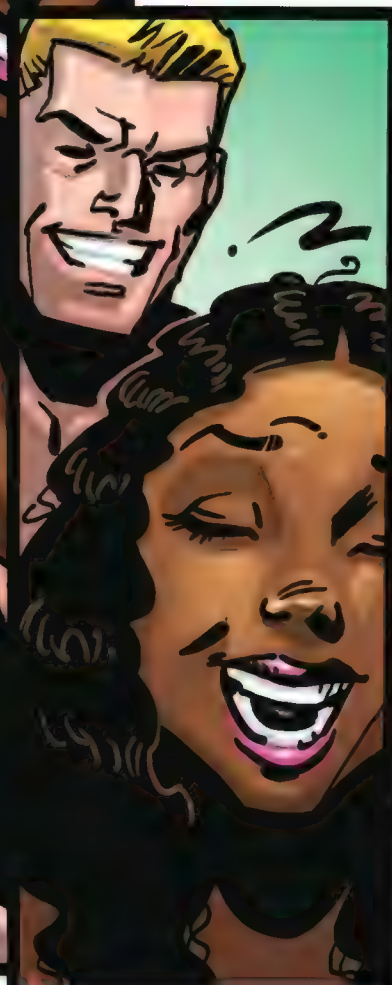




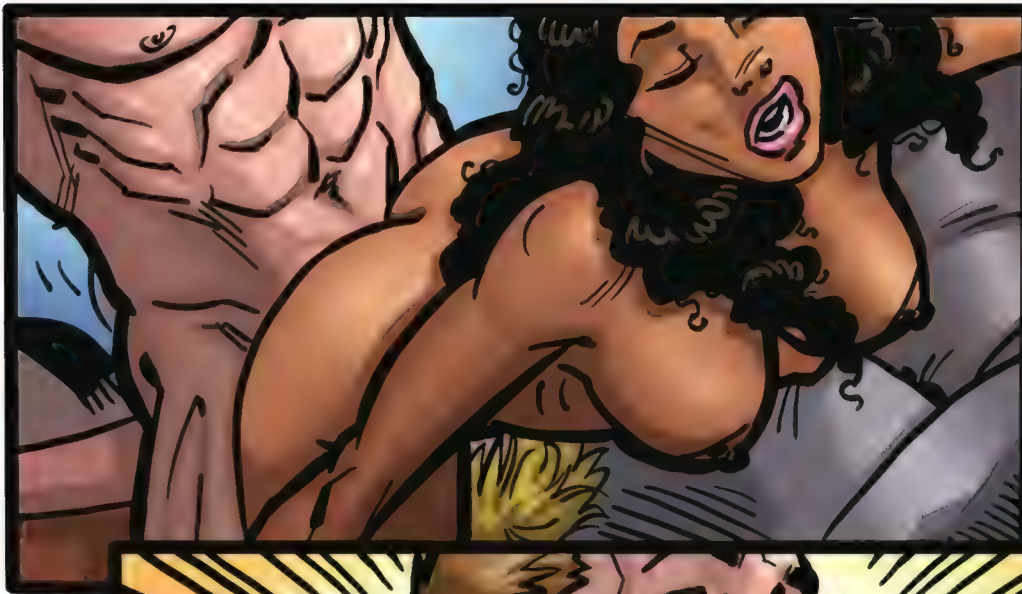
Tracy started to shake, and gripped my hair as an orgasm wracked her body.



Then Stan pulled out and I straddled Tracy so my cunt was aligned with her mouth. Stan used my copious fluids to ease his cock into my tight asshole as Tracy licked my pussy.



I'd never had a dick in my ass before, but it felt amazing.



Then he started to really thrust into my ass, and I loved it.



He pumped fast and furious and shot deep inside me as my pussy oozed hot juice onto Tracy's face.

After a brief rest, Stan and I worked together to lick and rub Tracy to one final orgasm.



Well, I can only say that letting you move in was the best decision I ever made!



The end



[cassie & chloe]



true colors

Cassie and Chloe love men, dating, hookups, and everything else that goes along with having guys in their life, but they also frequently feel the need to explore other facets of their delicious desires. They love to indulge their appetites for the curves and contours of a woman's body, for the softer silkiness of her skin, for the taste of each other's savory nectar.

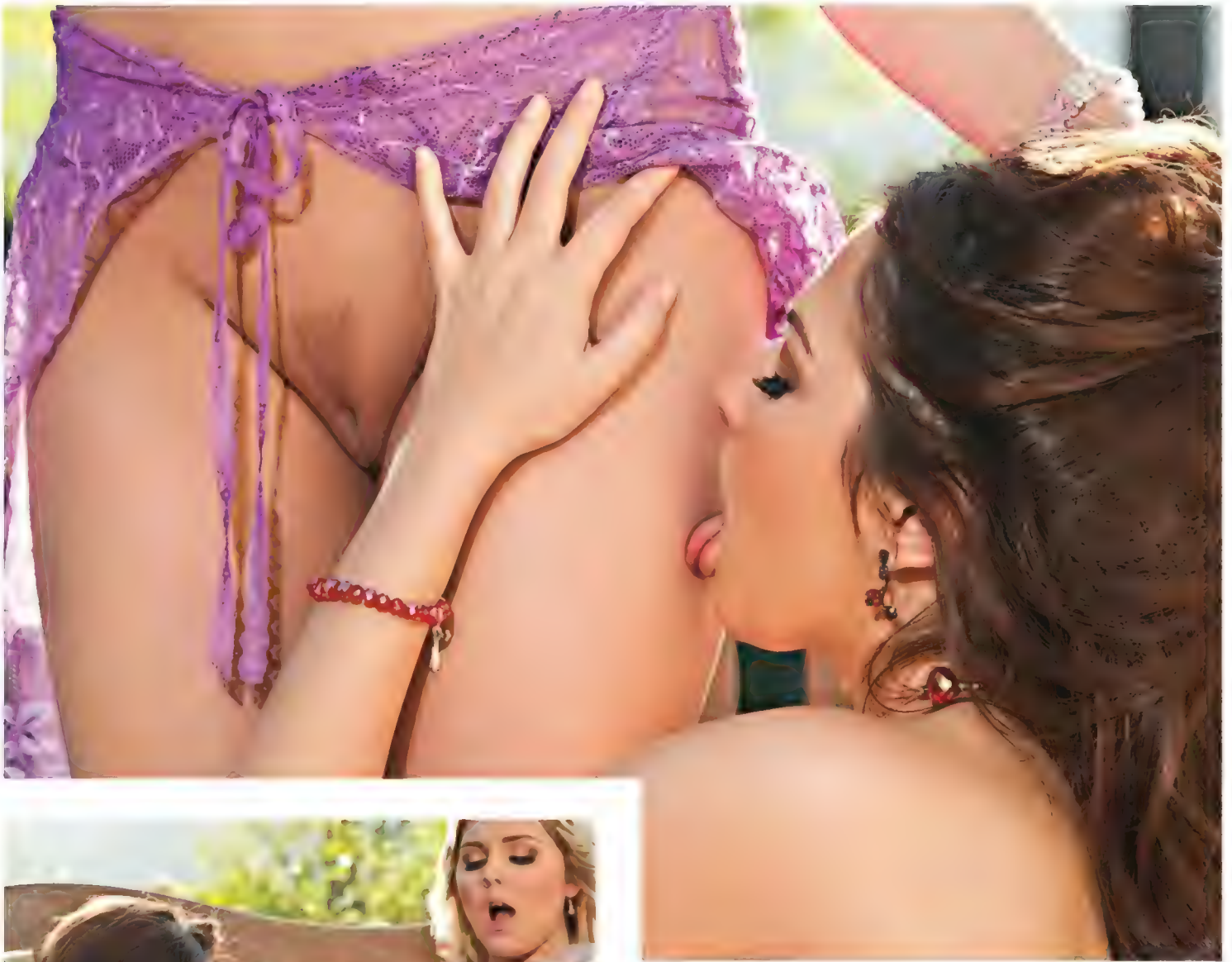
Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



















SEE MORE OF CASSIE & CHLOE AT PENTHOUSE.COM

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CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

Live Nude Girls

I've always wanted to check out a live nude peep show, but I can't find one. Do those places still exist? If so, what goes on there?

Times Square in New York City used to be synonymous with LIVE NUDE GIRLS. Dozens of live peep shows famously occupied the area from the 1970s through the 1980s. Most closed in the mid-nineties, when Mayor Rudy Giuliani enforced new zoning rules meant to sweep them out. Few people complained because by that time they had become symbolic of sleaze, crime, and decay.

Now it seems like every couple of years, someone writes a nostalgia-laced article about the "last" peep show in Times Square. Presently it looks like there is one in business, called Gotham City, on Eighth Avenue, between 43rd and 44th Streets.

But my guess is that most guys today would be leery of stopping in—even if they frequent strip clubs. Live peep shows have a bad reputation. In my experience, it's undeserved.

Seeing a live peep show isn't creepy at all, but it is a kind of odd, dreamlike experience. Imagine you go into a dark closet and lock the

door. There's a device like a vending machine inside. You feed it a bill and a panel in the wall moves to reveal a window. Peering through the window reminds you of seeing a penguin exhibit at the aquarium, but instead of penguins there are nude dancers cavorting on a stage. They can see you, too. But you can't talk to them. Suddenly you realize you're aroused, and that not only are you allowed to masturbate in there, it's expected.

Live peep shows still exist in cities across the country, but they are fairly rare and hard to find. It can take some sleuthing on the internet to find one. You basically have to search adult-entertainment directories on a city-by-city basis, and scroll through all the listings. What makes it harder is that many peep places don't have websites, and sometimes listings are outdated. For example, I remember one called Bare Assets, on N. Halsted Street in Chicago, but the Google Maps street view shows the building is currently vacant.

The only live peep show in America I can vouch for today is the Lusty Lady, in San Francisco. I'd recommend it sight-unseen based on the fact that it's a worker-owned co-op. The live nude girls really own the place. Also,



it's cheap. A friend in San Francisco told me he was introduced to the Lusty Lady with the phrase, "Wanna see a vagina for a dollar?"

It's true that you can satisfy your curiosity for just \$1. But even if you're a serious customer, a trip to the Lusty Lady won't clean out your wallet. A one-on-one show will set you back only about \$40, depending on the dancer. The price is negotiable. Instead of peeping into the main stage area, you get a booth with a large glass wall between you and the performer. You can speak to each other, and you can tell her exactly what you'd like to see.

The Lusty Lady is anything but sleazy. You know that every dollar you spend goes to the livelihood of the live nude girls themselves, not to some shady dude in a back office. The performers are cool, empowered chicks. They clearly feel good about working there, so you can feel good about going to see them. It's what I think erotic entertainment should be—good, clean fun.





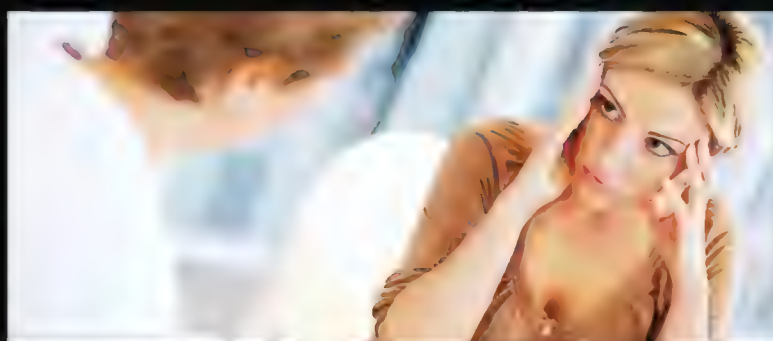
To Each His Own

I know all of my friends watch porn, and we're all cool about it. But we never talk about our favorite porn the way we talk about other stuff we're into. Is it weird to tell your friends about the porn you like?

I've thought a lot about this, and there's a lot I could say. But the best answer, I think, is the short one: No one cares about your shitty porn.

Tastes in porn are very personal, and are rarely shared by any two people—even by the best of friends. I'll admit I wonder sometimes what kind of porn my friends are into. But I have never asked. The reason? I really don't want to see their shitty porn. I'm sure their taste in porn stinks, and I would hate to think less of them for it.

I have my own private collection of cherished favorites. There's some hot, hot stuff in there. If any of my friends asked me for a recommendation, I'd gladly share. But they never have, and they never will, because they don't want to see my shitty porn, either.



Dr. Clueless

I made the mistake of telling my gynecologist that I'd had sex with four different guys in the past six months, and some other details about my sex life. She said she "could never condone that," and went on to ask a bunch of questions that implied I was a slut. I was embarrassed to tears. Was that unusual? I'd like to have a doctor I can talk to about sexual issues. How do I find one who isn't judgmental?

It's easy to get the impression that doctors are all sexperts these days. Anytime you flip on the TV, you're likely to see some celebrity doctor or white-coated actor talking frankly about erections and orgasms. In reality, many doctors are woefully ignorant about sex, and inept at talking to patients about it.

Surveys show that most doctors in the United States do not routinely ask their patients about sexual health. Those who do can be pretty uncool about it. In a recent survey of more than 1,100 obstetrician-gynecologists, 25 percent said that they had "expressed disapproval of patients' sexual practices."

Medical schools don't spend enough time teaching future doctors about the vast range of people's sexual practices, preferences, and problems. In 2003, a large survey of medical schools in the United States found that med students got just three to ten hours of instruction on sexual health—not per semester, or per year, but in all.

What's more, most doctors aren't taught to examine their own attitudes about sex. As a result, a doctor's take on sexual matters often reflects his or her personal biases.

It would be great if there were directories of sex-savvy doctors in every city and state. There isn't

anything that complete, but there are some searches you could try.

The National Coalition for Sexual Freedom (NCSFreedom.org) has an online directory of "kink-aware" professionals, including MDs. The doctors listed declare that they're "informed about the diversity of consensual, adult sexuality."

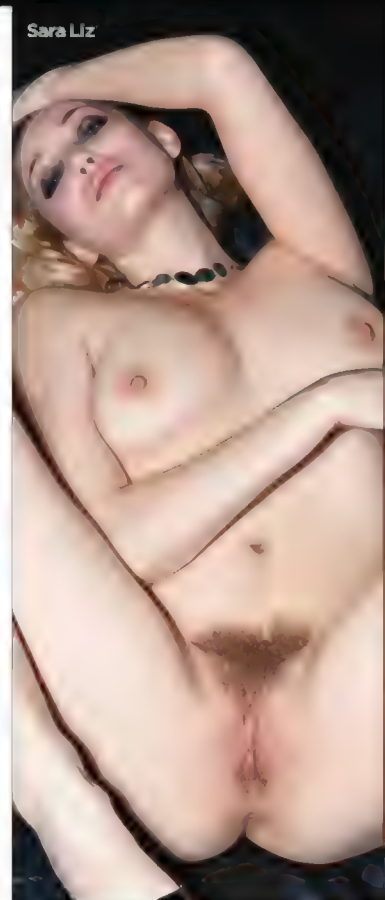
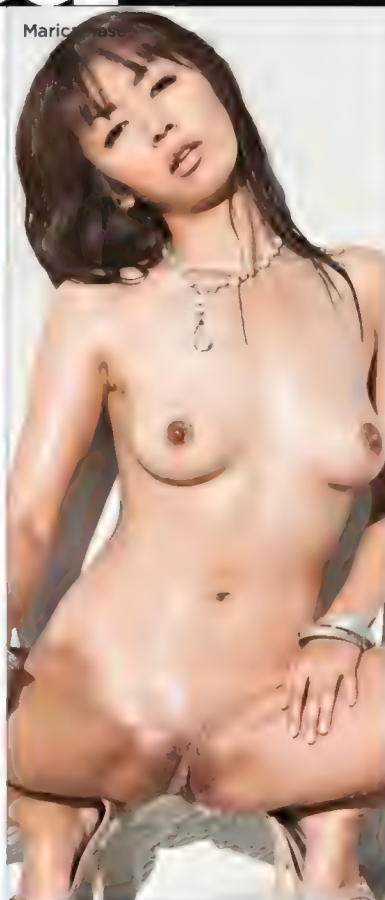
Another way to find a doctor who might be generally cool about sex is to look for those who fly an LGBT-friendly flag, even if you're not gay, lesbian, bisexual, or transgender. The Gay and Lesbian Medical Association (GLMA.org) has a searchable online provider directory.

You can also go to the website of the Institute for Sexual Medicine (SexualMed.org) and click on "Find a Doctor." You'll see listings for 30 doctors who specialize in sexual medicine nationwide. Most of them are in California and New York, however.

Searches on any of these sites are more likely to bear fruit if you live in a big coastal city than if you're a country boy or girl in Alabama or Indiana. But that's not to say there aren't any sex-savvy docs there. If all else fails, call your local Planned Parenthood. Many Planned Parenthood centers provide general health care to women, and men, too. The staff probably know your local health-care scene pretty well, and might be able to recommend someone.

Every adult I know has had at least one awkward moment involving sex and health care. It's inevitable. But if a doctor disrespects you, creeps you out, or gives you bad care, don't go back—and say something. Call up that doctor and tell him or her why you won't be coming back. Maybe they won't care, but maybe you'll make an impression.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

**Leave Those Lips Alone**

I've read it's becoming a trend for women to get surgery to reduce their inner pussy lips. I think that's awful! What's behind this?

First, let me say that I agree. It's awful. I'm against labiaplasty (surgically altering the inner lips of the vulva, called the labia minora) done purely for cosmetic reasons.

That's not a minority view where I come from. I've heard a lot of expert opinion on the issue, and it's overwhelmingly against this kind of cosmetic genital surgery. Risks include loss of feeling due to nerve damage, painful scarring, and infections. The benefits are in the eye of the beholder, at best.

Many experts chalk up the desire for surgically trimmed labia to women's ignorance of their anatomy. Explanations tend to follow one (but sometimes both) of these arguments:

1. A woman who wants this surgery typically believes her labia are abnormal. She thinks so because she hasn't seen many other examples. That's because she rarely looks at close-up, detailed images of vulvas. So, if you show her numerous pictures of vulvas, she might appreciate the snowflakelike diversity among them. Then she might embrace her vulva's specialness and leave her labia alone.
2. Women want labiaplasty because they think their parts should match

what they see in porn, despite their awareness that the vulvas depicted in porn often conform to an unnatural ideal—neat, hairless slits.

In a recent Medscape.com interview, a prominent gynecologist and reconstructive surgeon, Dr. Cheryl B. Iglesia, said, "The trend toward pubic-hair removal gives people a clearer view of the genital area. Many of the images in the media, and certainly on the internet and in pornography, feature no pubic hair, and the external genitalia appear to be uniform, almost Barbie-like."

Therefore, exposure to close-up, detailed images of vulvas doesn't discourage labiaplasty, but drives women toward the procedure.

I don't buy either argument. First, anyone who seriously considers having bits of her labia sliced off, just for looks, doesn't care about normal variation in anatomy. She's either profoundly unhappy with her labia, or very cavalier about going under the knife (and perhaps has had a lot of other cosmetic work done).

The "because of porn" argument could only make sense to someone who hasn't seen a lot of porn.

In the same Medscape interview, Dr. Iglesia implicates this very magazine in connection with cosmetic labiaplasty. Asked how health professionals could help women and girls feel okay about their genitals, she answers, "Displaying contrasting images of normal vulvar anatomy would be useful."

Agreed. But then Dr. Iglesia goes on to say, "What sells right now in such publications as *Playboy* and *Penthouse* and in internet pornography are prepubescent images. I hope that larger labia and pubic hair return as fads."

I would like to invite the doctor to use our montage of images displaying normal vulvar anatomy, all of which



were drawn from *Penthouse* pictorials published in the past year.

Dr. Iglesia's own research contradicts her claim that porn makes women want to alter their labia. She contributed to a study in which 360 women aged 18 to 72 rated the appearance of different vulvas. Regardless of their age, personal hair-removal habits, and where they learned what vulvas look like, most women were satisfied with their own vulva, and deemed hairy and shaved vulvas to be equally "normal." When asked to pick the most attractive vulva, most women chose one that was hairless, with symmetrical inner lips that did not stick out past the outer lips, a small clitoris, and a clitoral hood that didn't protrude past the outer lips. The researchers claim that these traits are "all consistently seen in pornography."

Nevertheless, the study showed that preferring a bald, trim vulva had no bearing on women's interest in surgically altering their own vulvas. Women who expressed interest in surgery tended to be older. According to the study's authors, giving birth and hormonal changes


during menopause cause changes in the appearance of the vulva. They write, "Therefore, restoration of prior appearance and anatomy, rather than a distorted vulvar perception, may be the source of this difference."

I won't sit quietly and let people blame porn for every fucked-up thing women do. At the same time, I'm glad that experts like Dr. Iglesia are speaking out against unnecessary genital surgery. I don't want to see women harmed by a craze for "designer genitalia." But I think it's too early to sound a general alarm.

The American Society for Aesthetic Plastic Surgery reports that, last year, a total of 3,521 "vaginal rejuvenation" procedures were done in the United States—including labia-lobbing and other nips and tucks to the vagina and vulva. That was up from 2,142 procedures in 2011.

You could say that labia-reduction surgery affects *thousands of women* and is growing at a rate of *64 percent per year*. Or you could say that very few women get this surgery. It accounted for only 0.2 percent of the 1.69 million cosmetic surgeries done nationwide in 2012.

In the same year, plastic surgeons did more than 330,000 breast implants, 156,000 tummy tucks, 153,000 eyelid lifts, and 112,000 breast reductions.

Labiaplasty isn't popular now, and I bet it won't ever be. It's one thing to follow the latest fad and get intimate waxing, vajazzling, tattoos, or piercings. But it's quite another to opt for having bits of your genitals sliced or burned off. There must be a ceiling on how many women in a given year will go for that. I expect it's pretty low. 

It's one thing to get intimate waxing, vajazzling, tattoos, or piercings. It's quite another to have bits of your genitals burned or sliced off.

Hospital High Jinks

*A hot tale
from Letters to
Penthouse
XXXXVII: Sexxx on
the Job, from Grand
Central Publishing.*



For a fleeting moment, I thought that the pill had finally taken effect and I was having a sexy dream. But no, now he was licking the side of her neck and nibbling on her ear, causing her to moan softly as she rubbed the front of his pants with her left hand while her right hand squeezed his ass. I wondered how far they intended to go. They wouldn't actually fuck—or would they? It occurred to me that somebody, perhaps one of the nurses on duty, was keeping watch for them, making sure they weren't interrupted. Still, it was real ballsy of them to carry on with me right there in the room, even if they did think I was asleep.

I had to close my eyes quickly when I thought the doctor was looking at me over the nurse's shoulder, but then, when I thought it safe, I opened them just as quickly. Hell, I didn't want to miss anything. I prayed that they wouldn't think to close the curtain around that bed, for then I'd have to be content to only hear them going at it—which wouldn't be all that bad either, I realized.

Well, by this time the doctor and the nurse were both sprawled on the bed, fumbling with each other's clothes. And by this time I had a nice boner and was slipping a hand under the covers down to my crotch. Stroking myself while lying on my side like that was somewhat awkward, but since I was supposed to be dead to the world I had to stay in that position and move as little as possible. I could have quietly turned onto my back, I guess, but then I wouldn't have been able to see anything. Anyway, having stripped down to their underwear, the doctor and the nurse were ready to get down to business.

With the doctor flat on his back on the bed, the lovely blonde nurse crouched between his spread legs, pulled his swollen cock out of his

I was released from the hospital last week after some minor but necessary surgery, and I'm feeling better than ever. Now, for most people, a hospital stay is not what you'd call a thrilling experience, but for me it was truly memorable because of what happened late one night. I doubt I'll forget it if I live to be a hundred.

It was around one in the morning, and I was having trouble getting to sleep. One of the nurses had given me a sleeping pill, as usual, but it didn't seem to be working this time. I had just turned over for the umpteenth time when into my room came a young doctor—a resident, I suppose—accompanied by a beautiful blonde

nurse who I guessed to be in her early twenties.

They didn't so much walk as sneak in, and I heard the nurse whisper, "Don't worry, he's out like a light. The sleeping pill works really well on him." I had to stifle a chuckle at that, even as I quickly screwed my eyes shut and pretended to be sound asleep. I heard the door close gently and then some rustling on the empty bed next to mine as the overhead reading light was turned on. Very carefully, I opened my eyes to see the good-looking doctor and the lovely nurse in a passionate embrace, kissing and groping each other wildly. She was sitting on the edge of the bed with her back to me, and he was standing right in front of her.

boxers, and began licking it all over. Looking up at him, she gave the mushroom-shaped head a good tongue bath and then slowly slid her lips down the length of the shaft. Soon her pretty blonde head was bobbing up and down as she sucked hungrily on her doctor friend's cock.

"Oh, baby," he groaned, forgetting himself. "You suck cock better than any nurse on this floor."

Immediately, the nurse took her mouth off his cock to shush him with a nod in my direction. The sheepish look on his face lasted only moments, until her lips were once again sliding wetly up and down his boner. I continued to stroke my cock under the covers, doing so very carefully because I didn't want to come before they began fucking. I wondered in what position they'd fuck, or if they'd do it several different ways. Not that it really mattered to me—provided the good doctor didn't come prematurely.

The doctor whispered to the nurse that he wanted to taste her pussy, so they changed positions, with the nurse now on her back and the doctor between her legs. Drawing aside the crotch of her white panties, he plastered his face to her cunt and began licking up and down her slit. "You're soaking wet," he whispered, and again she shushed him. Moments later, however, *she* was having trouble keeping quiet, at one point covering her mouth to smother moans of pleasure as the doctor continued his artful tongue-work on her pussy.

After a few minutes, he straightened up and shuffled into position to fuck her. Placing the head of his erect cock at the entrance of her pussy, he pushed inside her, and this time she bit down on her lower lip to keep from making noise. The hospital bed rattled a bit as the couple fucked, for which I was glad, because I had started to worry that they might hear the rapid beating of my heart as I watched them in action.

As quietly as possible, I shifted my position a bit and got a little more comfortable, all the while keeping a firm hand on my hard-on and my eyes on the doctor and the nurse. I watched him pause just long enough to draw her legs up and drape them over his shoulders before resuming the old in-and-out. I couldn't be sure, but I thought I heard the nurse whisper, "Harder, do it faster." In any event, the good doctor picked up the

pace moments later, ramming into the nurse with such vigor that I could hear his balls slapping against her ass cheeks with each forceful thrust of his manhood.

It will soon be over, I thought—thinking, too, that I could time my orgasm with theirs, since I was near the bursting point. I was surprised when the doctor pulled out of the nurse, and she quickly flipped over onto her tummy and then lifted herself up onto her hands and knees. They were going to finish up doggie-style, which has always been a favorite of mine.

Again, I was taken by surprise when the doctor, preparing to enter his nurse friend from behind, looked over at me as if to satisfy himself that I was still dreaming sweet dreams. My eyes blinked shut, and when the seconds passed and I didn't hear anything to suggest I had been found out, I slowly opened them again. I had stopped stroking myself when the doctor glanced my way, but now I resumed playing with my cock as I watched him pound the nurse's pussy from behind.

The nurse's face, half hidden by the pillow she was holding on to, was flushed, pure desire written all over


it. The doctor's face reflected his passion as well, and I knew it wouldn't be long now—for me, too.

Moments after I had started stroking my cock with more urgency, the doctor gasped that he was coming, and then, obviously struggling to keep from crying out, shot his load into the nurse's pussy. My eyes turned to her, and, when I saw her biting into the pillow, I could only assume that she, too, had come. That was it for me. Only later would I start thinking about the semen stain on the sheets and hope no one would notice. All that mattered at that moment was that I get off—which I did like a house afire, drenching my hand with come.

The doctor and the nurse got out of bed, rearranged their underwear, and put their clothes back on. They smoothed the sheets on the bed, fluffed the pillow, and then left, closing the door quietly behind them after a final kiss in the room.

"Un-fucking-believable," I said softly to myself.

The next morning, my doctor stopped by to see how I was feeling. He asked if I'd had a good night.

"It was real good, Doc," I answered. "In fact, it was one of the best nights ever." —G.S., *New York* 

I resumed stroking myself as I watched the doctor pound the nurse's pussy from behind.







special k

Twenty-four-year-old Kelly Kandy hails from Louisville, Kentucky, and owns a firm that consults with companies on search-engine optimization and internet analytics. "I'm a complete nerd about statistics," she tells us. "I love working with complex strategies and helping my clients make more money. And I love proving to them that I have, to quote Melanie Griffith in *Working Girl*, a head for business and a bod for sin."

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

"My most remarkable sexual experience was with my favorite celebrity and his girlfriend. She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, and he's truly a gentleman. We made love for hours, and we still get together every month or so."







"I like to date men who are secure enough in themselves that they're open to my hedonistic ventures. And I have no problem being faithful, as long as he lets me have my fun with the ladies."



"I was a late bloomer and didn't lose my virginity till I was 20, but it was so worth the wait. And despite that late start, I'm pretty daring. When I was in Washington, D.C., I made love on the steps of the Capitol."





"I love the sexy car scene in *Titanic*. It reminds me of senior year in high school after we won a football game. My date and I didn't have sex, but we'd kiss for hours and really steam up the windows."

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■ Being Neighborly

My car had been at the body shop all week after getting hit in a parking lot, so I'd been catching a ride to work with a neighbor. My job was on the way to his, so it wasn't really out of his way, and he kept telling me how happy he was to spend the time with me. He's several years younger than I am, so I thought his flirting was adorable, but I didn't take it seriously. I was flattered, though, and he was hot as hell, so I'd planned a nice home-made dinner at my house to thank him for the rides. I figured if he was ever going to make a move that it would be the perfect time and place. I wasn't sure about how attractive I could be to someone so much younger, but I keep myself in shape, and after my husband left me I'd invested in lots of sexy, confidence-boosting lingerie. I was as ready for a new lover as I was ever going to be.

I started dinner and gave him a glass of wine. He followed me into the kitchen and we talked about everything: movies, politics, travel, books, music. I'd changed into a tight sweater and leggings, and I could feel his eyes tracking my every move.

By the time we sat down to eat, our conversation had become more personal. Ethan asked about my divorce, and I left no doubt that I was available. Ethan told me that he thought my husband must have lost his mind. He said he'd wanted me since the first day he saw me, but if I wanted him to back off, he would. When I told him I wouldn't have made dinner for him if I weren't interested, he gave me a smile so

hot that it melted any doubts I had about my sex appeal.

Ethan was out of his seat so quickly, I thought he was going to sweep the dishes onto the floor and do me right on the table. I wasn't far off. He grabbed my hand and pulled me up against him, then turned and put my ass up on the kitchen counter. He held me close and kissed me, driving his tongue into me to wrestle with mine as soon as my lips parted. He got me so worked up, trailing kisses down my jaw and neck, that it was a relief when he grabbed my sweater and pulled it over my head. Then he reached out to cup my tits and move his thumbs over my nipples, making them even harder. The sensation spread right down to my pussy, making me wetter than I'd ever been with my husband. I was ready for Ethan to fuck me into next week.

Two minutes later, we were both out of our clothes and Ethan had me on the couch, fingers probing deep inside my juicy twat. He kissed his way down my body until his face was between my legs. Then, with an eagerness and skill I'd never before experienced, he began working me over with his fingers and tongue. The pleasure was almost unbearable. My husband was never into oral unless he was on the receiving end,

so Ethan eating me out with such enthusiasm had me coming and creaming in less than a minute. I screamed, holding him tight to my pussy, wishing the waves of pleasure would go on forever.

I caught sight of Ethan's dick, already glistening with pre-come. I wanted that cock inside my quivering pussy, and I pushed him back until I was straddling his legs. I stroked his shaft a few times, gaining a measure of satisfaction when his eyes closed and he moaned and begged me to ride him. Then, rising up, I guided him to my opening and slowly lowered myself. When I'd taken him in completely, I alternated between rising up and down and grinding against him. As I did, Ethan squeezed my ass cheeks in his hands, urging me to go faster. He felt huge inside me, and I wanted to savor that feeling for as long as I could, but Ethan's finger pressing into my tight asshole sent me into a frenzy of unbridled lust. I rode him wildly as the pleasure mounted. When I felt another orgasm erupt within me, I cried out before collapsing on top of him.

Ethan was still hard as he moved on top of me. I just knew I was in for the fuck of my life when he pulled my legs up, wrapped his arms under my thighs, and drove his cock deep into me. He hammered into me fast and hard, pushing me to new heights. When I knew that he was close to coming, I tightened my pussy muscles around him rhythmically, milking his cock of every drop.

I don't know how long this fling will last, but I do know I've developed a craving for guys who can really satisfy my sexual needs.—*T.K., Montana*

Ethan had me on the couch, fingers probing deep inside my juicy twat. He kissed his way down until his face was between my legs.

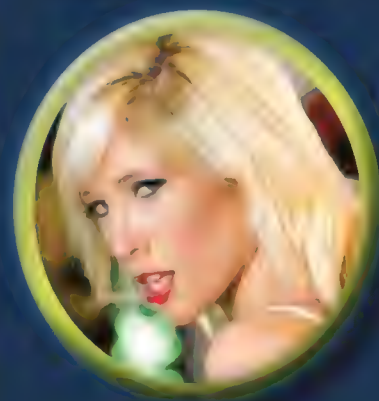




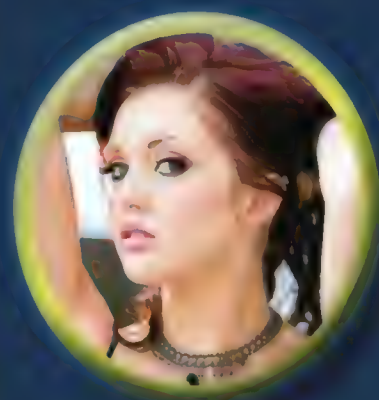
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■ Hot Talk

I met Katie about six months ago at the gym. I noticed her amazing body, olive complexion, almond-shaped eyes, and long black hair right away. She had firm tits, a flat stomach, a round ass, and long legs. I immediately moved in on her, and I'm glad I did. She's turned out to be the most sexually aggressive woman I've ever been with.

Katie's libido is permanently locked in overdrive. She's constantly hungry for my cock, and she's always ready to fuck—anytime, anyplace. Since we met, I've had sex in more places than I can count. It's exciting and dangerous and we both really get off on the thrill. Her favorite thing is to have me pull out my cock in the park or in an elevator so she can give me a quick suck, knowing I'm going to be dying to fuck her.

We were in the middle of a marathon sex session one night when she whispered, "I want you to fuck my ass until I come." I shot my load before I even got in her ass, and she knew she had me. Now she talks dirty to me in public all the time, and keeps me semierect throughout entire dates. It's even better in bed. One night she had me straddled, her tits teasing my lips, as I helped her up and down on my dick. She leaned down and said, "One day, I want to fuck you and some of your friends. I want you to take turns coming inside me!"

That got me so hot I came immediately. The idea of watching her fuck a group of guys made me a little jealous, but curious and horny at the same time. The next night as

**Since Katie and I met,
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I fucked her, I told her, "I want to watch you suck another man's cock and see you swallow all his come while I'm screwing you!"

It became a regular part of our sex life, to describe what we wanted to watch the other one do. She told me she had a fantasy about me with two girls, one sucking my cock while I savored the other's pussy. She told me it made her so hot that while she was at work that day, she had to go to the ladies' room and rub herself till she came—twice.

Naturally, we graduated to phone sex. We'd call each other at work, on the bus, in the street. One time, we went to a restaurant and used the restrooms to talk dirty and masturbate. Katie called me in the men's room and told me about the time she had sex in a club. As she talked, I asked her detailed questions: What was she wearing? Was anyone watching them? Did the guy have a big cock? Did he make her come? Did she suck him off afterward? The best part was that we knew there were people in the other stalls listening to us getting off.

I figure one of these days we'll have a conversation that will end up going viral, but who cares? I'm going to enjoy every suck, fuck, and dirty tease of a conversation Katie gives me.—J.C., New Hampshire

Private Dance

I have been married for 20 years to Susan, the same wonderful girl I met in high school. Before you roll your eyes, hear me out. My wife is as hot as she was when we first met, perhaps even more so now because of her experience. If our friends knew the truth about our sex life, they would be both shocked and envious. Susan and I play all kinds of games. We have closets full of sexy clothes, costumes, toys, and restraints. There are a thousand stories worthy of "Forum" in those closets, but none more exciting than this one.

We needed a vacation badly, and a trip to Cancún sounded great. Susan let me pack the outfits I wanted her to wear. She told me she had a surprise planned for me the second night, and to make sure I packed a little black dress for her. I picked out one of my favorites, which is halter-style with a full flared skirt, and very short. I also packed black platform shoes and crotchless hose.

We arrived the next day, which we ended with a late-night walk on the beach, where we made love. The next morning I could not stop thinking of her surprise. She told me that we were going to one of the finer strip clubs, and that she was going to make me very happy.

That night, she wore the little black dress and we took a cab to the club. Susan looked sexy and she knew it. Her lithe body floated under the dress. Her breasts strained at the fabric. I could barely contain myself, and Susan didn't miss an opportunity to tease and flirt.

When we arrived at the club we were told to sit anywhere we liked, and if we saw a dancer we really liked we could take her into a private room where there were no rules. I paid little attention to the instructions because I was being pulled deep inside the club by Susan, who had already set her sights on a table close to the stage. She planted a lingering kiss on me and grabbed my cock. After ordering drinks, I looked around, taking in the scenery. I almost forgot for a second that I was with my wife.

"Do you see anything you like?" she asked. Her big, beautiful brown eyes sparkled with lust. When she gets that look I know she is up for just about anything. "Well, yes," I said, looking deep into those eyes. I turned my attention back to the stage and the vision that had just possessed me: She was tall and lean with big, shapely breasts.

Her hair was midnight black and fell almost to her ass. Her lips were full and her eyes were dark and exotic.

"I can see how much you like her," Susan whispered in amusement, and walked up to the stage, where the dancer bent over to talk to her. For the first time I saw the exotic beauty smile, a warm Latin grin that belied her hauteur. The two women talked for a while. I saw my wife laugh, then slip a few dollars into the girl's G-string. Looking around the club, I suddenly realized that Susan was getting the attention of a lot of horny men, though she hardly seemed to notice.

When she returned to the table, she smiled at me and whispered, "We can take Sonya into a private room if you like." I could hardly contain my excitement.

We ordered another round and Sonya joined us. After a little chitchat, Sonya asked, "Would you like for me to dance for you and your lovely lady in the private room?" There was a brief discussion of money, and then she took Susan's hand and walked toward the back of the club. For a moment, I just sat there in awe at the sight of this tall Latin beauty leading my

pretty petite wife off into the dark, but I caught up to them as they entered a dim hallway and stopped at a door.

We followed Sonya inside. The room was small, with mirrors all around and a cushioned bench that Sonya motioned for us to sit on. She danced just inches from me and wasted no time pressing her breasts against my chest, tempting me to kiss, suck, and fondle them. She wrapped her arms around me, and I got lost in her dance.

Susan was watching with a smile. "Can I touch you?" she asked Sonya, who nodded yes. Susan stroked and kissed Sonya and then me, pawing at my now painful erection. It was like a dream.

I asked Sonya to please dance for my wife. She writhed and pressed against Susan, whose small delicate hands traced the outlines of this stranger's gorgeous body. As Susan planted kisses on Sonya's belly, thighs, and breasts, I pulled Susan to me, up off the bench. She and Sonya danced slowly together, with Susan's beautiful pert ass right in my face.

Sonya could not see me as I released my throbbing cock. I ran my hand under Susan's skirt and slid first two, then three fingers inside my wife's hot chamber. She was very excited. It took only a few flicks of my fingers against her clit to make her come. The pressure of my fingers caused her to press slightly harder against Sonya, whose hands were trailing up and down my wife's back and in her hair.

I pulled Susan down on my rod. The stripper's eyes caught mine, my wife's breasts cupped in her hands, as I thrust deep.



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I was desperate for release. With my hand still warm and wet from Susan's orgasm, I stroked my cock. I knew I would come soon, so I gently pulled Susan down on my straining rod. I slid in and pressed my hips up to completely bury myself in her. Her moisture poured over my cock. She gasped and ground her hips down hard on my tool. I knew I would come soon, but I was unsure how our dancer would react to this new level of intimacy. Sonya's blazing eyes caught mine as I thrust deep into Susan. She pressed down on Susan's shoulders, her breasts cupped in Susan's hands. That was too much for me. I exploded. My powerful orgasm pumped shot after shot between Susan's tight muscled walls.

Sonya kissed my wife on the neck, flashed me a smile, and gracefully left the room. Susan turned and gave me a passionate kiss that drained the last of my strength. I was overwhelmed. "Thank you. That was amazing, and you were incredible," I said.—*T.R., Oklahoma*

The Best Blind Date Ever

I stretched lazily and opened my eyes. Adam's dark eyes stared back at me.

"How'd you sleep?" Adam asked, his voice deep and sexy.

"Never better," I murmured as I stretched again. I closed my eyes for a moment and moaned as I felt the soft touch of his lips on mine.

I'd have to thank Marcy later for the introduction. I hated the idea of getting set up—again—but she swore to me that this time would be different. Since she's not my mother, who's the one who usually forces me into blind dates, I gave it a shot. We got along well on the date and we were really into each other, so I invited him back to my place. Not typical first-date behavior for me, but I was insanely horny. When we were out, we'd danced a little and kissed a little. In the car, we'd kissed and touched each other as much as we dared without causing an accident. We were barely inside my apartment when we were frantically pulling off each other's clothes.

There's nothing like great sex, and Adam didn't disappoint. Morning sex is high on my list, too. I buried my fingers in his hair and gently urged him closer to me as we kissed, then moved my other hand down to his rock-hard cock. He'd given me quite a workout, but I was ready to go again. The sex had been frenzied and wild, but I knew this time would be different.

He lowered his head to kiss one of my nipples, then circled it with his tongue before sucking it into his mouth. It hardened, sending a tingling sensation through my breasts. I moaned and felt his hand on my pussy, exploring it before sliding his fingers down through the middle of my slippery lips. Adam moved into

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I took in the beautiful view of my dick disappearing into Lisa's juicy hole. Then Lisa took my cock into her tight ass.

position and settled his face between my legs, circled my clit with his tongue, and gently pulled it between his lips and into his mouth. Then he rested his tongue just inside my pussy and pressed it against the underside. I gasped as I came in his mouth.

He kissed my inner thigh, then my stomach, circling my breasts again, then came back to my mouth. His lips were wet with my juices and I could taste myself as we kissed. I reached down and grasped his cock, unable to wait to put my lips around it. I rolled on top of him and trailed my tongue along his neck, then his smooth chest, lingering at his nipples before kissing down his stomach. I teased his belly button as he rolled his hips toward me, indicating he wanted me to suck him.

I licked the underside of his cock from his balls to the head before engulfing it with my mouth. I slid down his shaft to the base, then back to the top. After I cupped his balls in my hand and gave them a firm squeeze, I gently sucked one. He moaned and I released it to suck his cock again. He surged in my mouth just before he exploded, gasping and groaning as I hungrily swallowed his come.

He lay there immobile, except for his heavy breathing and a slight smile on his face, but within moments he was gazing at my naked body as his hand moved between my legs again. He kissed me while he positioned himself over me. He was still erect, and I felt the head of his cock press against my opening. I couldn't wait for him to be inside me. I pushed forward onto him, then inhaled as he filled me. We fit together perfectly, and I could feel myself reaching orgasm almost as soon as he thrust deep inside me. I cried out with pleasure as I grasped his ass in my hands, pulling him in deeper.

When I was done, Adam got up and told me to stand before him on the bed. He guided my legs around his waist, firmly gripping my ass cheeks in his palms and lowering me onto his penis. The sight of his well-shaped biceps as he lifted me up and down, sliding in and out of my wet pussy,

made me even hotter. We were right in front of a full-length mirror, and it was like watching myself in a porno, which turned me on like never before. I rested my feet on the back of his calves to establish a more purposeful rhythm, and pushed myself harder and deeper onto his cock. My arms were wrapped around his neck and my breasts were at his mouth. He sucked on my nipple and then lightly bit it, sending me soaring to another climax. This time I gushed like a river as we both moaned with pleasure.

We were covered in perspiration when he lay me back onto the bed. He was fucking me again, and I reached between my legs to grab his balls and firmly fondle them, encircling them with my fingers. Then I traced the area between his scrotum and his ass, and placed a finger directly on his asshole as he moaned. "Fuck me harder," I said. He thrust deeper and harder as we kissed passionately, until we both came again. We collapsed next to each other and slipped into a deep slumber, but I remember thinking as I drifted off that I wasn't even close to done with Adam yet.—*I.L., South Carolina*

Winning Hands

I was spending my vacation in Las Vegas and I was ready for anything. I met Lisa—a tall, svelte blonde celebrating her 21st birthday—at the blackjack table. Although there was a ten-year age difference, we had fun together and enjoyed each other's company.

Lisa and I left the table at 3 A.M., both winners. I still wanted to hang out, so I offered to buy her a birthday drink. At the bar, Lisa told me she was really enjoying her birthday. She'd won some money and was having drinks with a good-looking man. Then she said that the only thing that would make it perfect would be if I went back to her room and spent the night.

I couldn't help but laugh. I told her that I'd been plotting how to get her into bed all night. We both had a good laugh about it, and then she said she'd spotted me as soon as I'd entered the casino, and since we'd both been lucky at the table, she saw it as a good sign. I didn't care what her reasoning was, as long as we were





going upstairs together.

We finished our drinks and made our way to Lisa's room, stopping to kiss along the way. Once inside, we quickly undressed.

"I could tell you had a really nice physique," she said as she sized me up, stopping to gaze at my cock, which was standing at attention.

"And you're absolutely gorgeous!" I said, as I looked over her pert breasts and neatly trimmed mound.

Lisa pushed me down into a chair, rolled a condom onto my cock, and straddled my lap. She lowered her wet pussy onto my dick and pressed her lips to mine as she began slowly moving up and down.

While our tongues dueled, Lisa continued to dance on my pole. Each time she came down on my cock, she moaned into my mouth. Lisa's pace quickened and I broke the kiss to watch her tits bounce up and down.

Lisa screamed out as she peaked, and I felt her gush onto my cock and balls. Then I carried her to the bed and lay back. She lowered her succulent cunt to my waiting lips and said, "Now, suck me off!"

I sucked hungrily on her pussy and finger-fucked her until she came, squirming and writhing against my mouth. Lisa's next move was to straddle my legs and take my cock

into her in a reverse cowgirl. When I was deep inside her, she grabbed my ankles and fucked herself hard.

I caressed Lisa's smooth ass cheeks as I took in the beautiful view of my dick disappearing into her juicy hole. Then Lisa took my cock into her tight ass.

"You feel so good!" Lisa gasped.

She had no idea. I was in heaven! Her ass encased my cock like a glove. After only a few strokes, I gripped her ass cheeks hard and came deep inside her.

Lisa had an insatiable appetite for sex that kept me busy throughout that night and the next. I worked overtime to satisfy this beautiful young woman's sexual hunger. Since her birthday, we've met at the casino many times, and after playing blackjack, we head to her room or mine for more of the best sex I've ever had.—C.K., California

■ Now I'm a Believer

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he was waiting with two of the most beautiful women I had ever seen: his wife, Jeannette, and her friend Ariel. After the introductions, we boarded the boat, then made sure everything was ready for a long cruise. I was checking out Ariel, and she was doing it right back. She was about five foot six, with long brown hair and a gorgeous body.

We headed up the coast to do some partying with Jimmy and Jeannette's friends at a yacht club. I couldn't stop watching Ariel all morning on the boat, or during the afternoon at the club. Later, when we were headed back toward home, Jimmy and Jeannette retired to their cabin for a little boat-rocking, so I took over the wheel. Ariel found her way to the bridge, and offered to assist with steering to keep us on a straight course. We got to know each other better—a lot better.

When I heard low moans from below deck, my cock got a little stiff, and it didn't take long for Ariel to notice the bulge in my boardshorts. Within minutes, she had them around my knees and was licking my shaft like an ice-cream cone, making sure she covered every inch. Then she kissed the tip of its now purple head and took me all the way into her mouth, giving me the best blowjob I'd ever had.

After I exploded, I told her it was my turn to please her. She did a slow striptease, climbed up onto the dash, then straddled my face for a little licking. She was so hot her juices flowed down her legs. A couple of orgasms later, she straddled my cock and lowered herself slowly, taking me in as far as possible before lifting up again.

After several minutes of her teasing, I grabbed her nice tight ass and proceeded to slam up into her box as hard and fast as I could. She told me to come all over her breasts when I was ready, and that's just what I did. I had never exploded with so much force before. My juices were everywhere. She cleaned me up with her tongue, and then we had another drink.

We checked the boat's course, and amazingly we were still on it, so we started all over again. Eventually, we docked at a marina on Cape Cod for a couple of hours to get some sleep before finishing the trip home. This time, we were down below while Jimmy and Jeannette stayed topside.

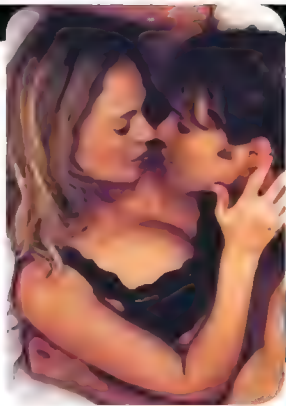
We arrived home at three in the morning, said our good-byes, and Ariel and I have not seen each other since. But I hope she reads this. If she's reminded of our night at sea, maybe she'll stop by for further adventures on land.—L.F., Connecticut

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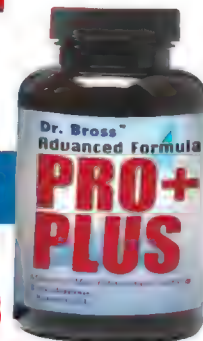
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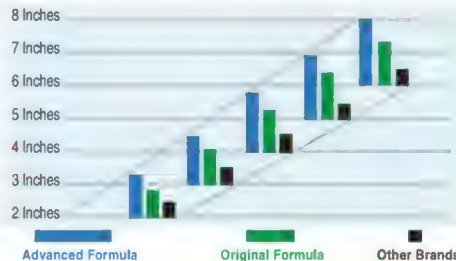
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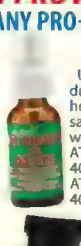
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Pet Positions

Each year, when we work on our Anniversary Issue, we take some time to reflect on our past. Our ruminations this year quickly centered on September 2008 Pet of the Month Kayden Kross, who became a true powerhouse in the industry. The success of the stacked and stunning blonde was no surprise, and her sex appeal is blatantly obvious in this steamy photo set with August 2007 Pet of the Month Jana Jordan.



will she?

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Vital stats:

34DD-25-35; 5'4"

31 years old

Hometown:

Vancouver, Canada.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

The food, people, mountains, water.
The people are so polite.

Your favorite vacation spot:

Hawaii. It was great, and I loved skydiving there.

Dream vacation spot:

Italy, which is where my family is from;
Australia; Tokyo.

Favorite food:

Spaghetti, prosciutto, cheese.

Favorite kind of music:

House.

Favorite sports:

Football and hockey.

Favorite way to work out:

Sex or pole dancing.

Favorite way to relax:

Walking my dog.

Favorite TV shows:

The Golden Girls, House, Bates Motel.

Favorite movies:

Thelma & Louise, Fantasia 2000.

Favorite movie sex scene:

9 1/2 Weeks ... the entire film.

What gets you excited?

Roller coasters, anything else that gets my adrenaline going, and food.

What gets you in trouble?

My shopping habits.

You're always up for:

Sex.

You're never up for:

Not a thing.... I'm ready!

nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro



■ **What is the best way to move on from heartbreak? I'm mired in heavy three-year-relationship heartbreak.**

Heartbreak takes a really long time to get past. Sometimes it never fully goes away. I don't believe you have to "be alone for a while" or "take some time." I say go on light dates—dinner, movies, whatever. There's no need to jump into anything new romantically right away, but stay busy and social. Develop new experiences with new people, and possibly look into new things you may have been interested in but haven't done yet. A period of personal upgrading or re-invention is always inspiring. Find new films, music, and art that you enjoy. Stay active and move forward. You have an opportunity to grow as a person and to learn from your last relationship. Take that opportunity and make the most of it. The only other option is suffering.

■ **Can you commit to being with just one person? Sometimes I feel like that's impossible. Relationships these days are not as they used to be.**

I totally agree. It is hard. In this day and age, "intrigue" is just a Facebook-picture "Like" away. Now, clearly it's possible, and I have many friends who are in long-term committed relationships, but the fact remains that it is *much* easier to meet new and exciting people today than it was even ten years ago. In terms of social networking, one must remember that just about everybody puts up only


the best cross section of their life: Pictures where they look hot at the club; at some interesting art opening; witty, well-thought-out posts and comments. Few people put up information about their emotional baggage, pictures of themselves lying in bed eating ice cream and weeping, etc. Just think about all your own dark, secret issues and use that filter when you're on the internet. That can help dull it all down a bit. If you can wade through the digital swamp, I truly believe you can make it work with the right partner. I just don't know how to do it myself!

■ **I'm a woman who's a bit older now (over 40), and I have trouble getting, um, moist. What's a good way to bring this up with a male love interest?**

I don't know that you have to bring it up. Just invest in some lube. There's a variety of lubricants available on the market today, some that smell or taste nice, some that heat up, some that are designed to enhance sexual experiences in some other way. Why don't you just investigate those and explain that you enjoy the results? I'm certain that approaching it that way would only improve the experience,

rather than take away from it and put you in the position of needing to "explain" your situation. Make it a hot playtime accessory. "Let's use this warming lube!" sounds a lot sexier than, "I'm over 40 and have trouble getting wet."

■ **Is it appropriate to remarry after having been divorced? And if so, would you discuss the causes of the divorce with the next wife?**

Yes, of course it is. Why shouldn't you go on with your life and follow your heart and dreams? As for discussing the causes of the prior divorce, I say yes, talk about them. Not because you owe her an explanation and not because she "should" hear it. I say yes because you're considering sharing a life with someone who is meant to be your partner and closest ally. You should feel comfortable sharing anything with her. If you aren't certain that you can, I suggest reconsidering the whole thing. So many people get into marriages with secrets and insecurities and fears that it's no wonder so many fail. This woman is to be your partner, your future, and your best friend. To keep such a huge part of your life from her would be almost dishonest. 

AMSTERDAM

Debauchery is a longtime staple of Amsterdam's tourism industry, thanks to loosey-goosey laws on marijuana and prostitution. But the laws may be changing. Here's what you need to know to take full advantage of the city's famous attractions.

By Kara Wahlgren



The capital of the Netherlands is rich in history and lined with miles of glittering canals that earned it the nickname "Venice of the North." But let's be real. Amsterdam is better known for its greenery than its scenery. Plenty of tourists hope to make the most of the city's lax marijuana laws and its legalized prostitution.

Here's the thing: Marijuana isn't *technically* legal in the Netherlands. It's just that police can't arrest you for anything less than five grams—kind of like you won't get pulled over for driving two miles above the speed limit on the turnpike. But that leniency in Amsterdam could come to an end if certain lawmakers have their way. Last year, a policy was proposed that would prohibit Dutch coffee shops from selling marijuana to nonresidents. A few towns jumped on board, and the crackdown was expected to take effect in the capital earlier this year. The mayor shot it down, but it was a reminder that the anything-goes vibe isn't guaranteed to last forever. Why not head there now, while everything is still awesomely status quo? Here's your guide to making the most of your time in the freewheeling Dutch wonderland.

Mövenpick Hotel



Canal houses



Houseboat



Hostel



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BACKGROUND) ICHARD IANSON/GETTY IMAGES, (MÖVENPICK HOTEL) HESMUND/ALAMY, (CANAL HOUSES) JVAN DER WOLF/ALAMY, (HOUSEBOAT) SHAWN HEMPEL/ALAMY, (HOSTEL) MARTIN MOOS/GETTY IMAGES



WHERE TO CRASH

Given the decadence Amsterdam has to offer, you'll need a decent place to sleep it all off. You don't want to slum it in a hostel infested with bedbugs, but coughing up big bucks for a stuffy historic hotel might not be your idea of money well spent, either. These are easier on your wallet.

Nondowntown Hotels

What's good: If you don't mind taking a ten-minute walk or a short tram ride, you can shack up at a four-star business hotel like the Mövenpick or the Hilton for a fraction of the price of a hotel in the city center.

What's bad: It's a long stumble back at night.

Bed-and-breakfasts

What's good: These are usually comfy rooms in canal houses—not the floral wallpaper, shared bathrooms, and uptight hosts you might envision when you hear “B&B.”

What's bad: Canal houses don't have elevators, so you might end up climbing four steep stories to your cozy little room.

Houseboats

What's good: These floating apartments are anchored along the canals, and run about \$200 a night. They're well-equipped and can help you save money on food, plus they provide the rare opportunity to use the pickup line, “Want to come back to my boat?” (If nothing else, you can abuse the “I'm on a boat” references when checking in on Facebook.)

What's bad: You'll want to stay close to the center of the action, but the busiest canals can be choppy, which isn't terribly pleasant after a long night.

Hostels

What's good: They're dirt-cheap, and everyone's there to party as hard as you are.

What's bad: Before you book, make sure you know the hostel's policy on curfews and lockouts. We're guessing your travel plans don't include getting back to bed by 10 P.M.

WHAT TO EAT

You can find everything from Chinese takeout to Middle Eastern street food to a 25-course Indonesian dinner. The only thing you'll have a hard time finding is *Dutch* food. There's not much in the way of a national cuisine, unless you count pancakes and French fries (which are technically Belgian, but close enough). Still, there are a few local favorites every visitor should try.

Rijsttafel. That's Dutch for “rice table.” This is basically an epic binge of Indonesian small plates. For as little as \$20, you'll get up to 25 samplers to share with your table (or polish off yourself). Sama Sebo and Blue Pepper are two of the most popular spots, but if you can't get a table there, smaller Indonesian restaurants will often put together a mini rijsttafel for you.

Pannenkoeken. Nothing helps a wicked hangover like a short stack, and the Dutch do pancakes like nobody's business. At the Pancake Bakery on Prinsengracht, you can get hair-of-the-dog hot chocolate and insane pancake concoctions like the Chilean (chili, minced meat, mushrooms, and onions) or the English (pears, ice cream, chocolate sauce, and whipped cream). You can also get your own breakfast of champions with toppings like Nutella, bacon, or brandy-soaked raisins.

Stamppot. In the winter, the Dutch swear by this comfort food, which is basically mashed potatoes mixed with kale, carrots, or sauerkraut, served with smoked sausage. It's not a huge restaurant staple, but you can find a frozen version in the supermarket, or seek out an IJscypje ice-cream shop, which churn out the taters during their winter season.

Street food. If you're traveling on a budget, grab some cheap grub at one of the food stalls along the canals. Raw herring with onions is a weirdly popular choice, but you can find waffles, croquettes, deep-fried meatballs, fresh-squeezed orange juice, and fries smothered in mayo.

Argentinean steak houses. For some reason, they're everywhere in Amsterdam. If you're jonesing for beef, you'll get as much as you can possibly handle here (along with a bad case of the meat sweats). Since the emphasis is on quantity, the quality can vary pretty widely, so your best bet is to ask for local recommendations.



HOW TO SMOKE

The magic word is *gedoogbeleid*. That's the policy of tolerance that allows you to brazenly blaze up in plain sight without worrying about spending your vacation in a Dutch prison. The policy allows you to carry up to five grams of marijuana for personal use, and "coffee shops" around the city are allowed to store 500 grams at a time. In some areas, *gedoogbeleid* is a luxury for residents only—but for now, Amsterdam's tourists still get a hall pass. Whether you're a connoisseur of weed or a novice smoker (hey, when in Rome, right?), you can have a hempstastic holiday.

Pick your poison. Are you looking to get stoned with spring breakers or mellow out to Bob Marley? The Bulldog chain is a user-friendly tourist magnet, while the Green House gets raves from *High Times* (and draws in a celeb clientele). But there are more than 100 coffee shops to choose from, ranging from swanky lounges to low-key cafés, so ask around, and make sure you specify the kind of vibe you're looking for.

Beware the brownies. A common rookie mistake is assuming that pot brownies will be a less-intense intro to cannabis. But ordering "space cakes" is actually an easy way to overdo it—the high takes a while to kick in, so you'll probably polish off the brownies long before you realize you're high as a kite. If you really don't want to smoke, stick to bite-size portions until you've learned your limits.

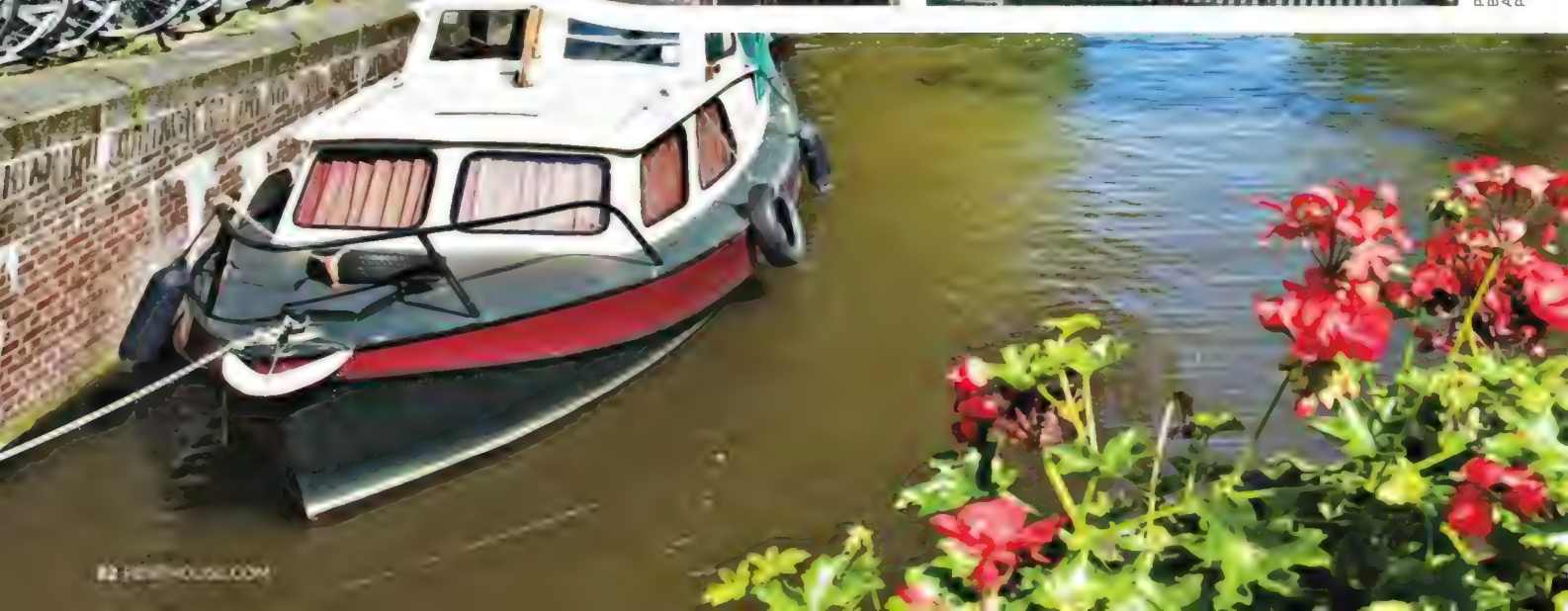
Take it slow. You're probably getting stronger shit than you would at home, so even if you consider yourself an aficionado, ease into it. You don't want to spend the first day of your trip facedown on a cobblestone street.

Ask questions. Haven't smoked since high school ... or ever? No worries. You won't be the first tourist to cut his teeth in the coffee shops, so just admit you don't know what the fuck you're talking about. The staff should be happy to help. If you get a douchey attitude, ditch the place—there's plenty of competition.

The Bulldog



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BACKGROUND) ALVARO LEIVA/GETTY IMAGES; (THE BULLDOG) BART PEEBBOOM/ALAMY; (THE GRASSHOPPER) EDO WESTMACOTT/ALAMY; (BROWN KAYAKS) JONATHAN ALAN/ISTOCKPHOTO; (THE HEINEKEN EXPERIENCE) PETER DEJONG/AP IMAGES; (LEDSEPLEIN) HORIZONS WWW/ALAMY





WHERE TO DRINK

You're on the Amstel River, so it shouldn't be too surprising that good beer abounds. There are several different options when it comes to grabbing a glass.

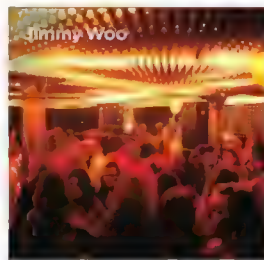
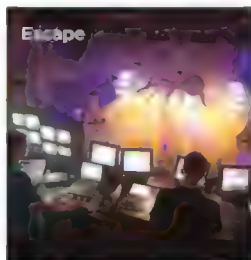
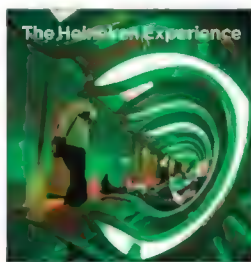
Brown cafés. These dark, cozy cafés with smoke-stained walls (that's where the name comes from) are basically the Amsterdam equivalent of an Irish pub. They open early and close late, so you can stop in whenever you need a break and nurse a beer or coffee without being rushed from your table. Some even offer quick, cheap bar food or sandwiches.

The Heineken Experience. On this self-guided brewery tour, you'll get the whole Heiny history, from small-biz roots to international success. They don't brew the beer here, but you can sniff out ingredients, walk through the horse stables, and kick back with a pilsner. If you're a beer buff, it's a fun way to spend an hour or two.

The squares. Drinking holes can be found all over the city, but two squares—Leidseplein and Rembrandtsplein—are the epicenter of the after-hours scene. Rembrandtsplein is the mellower of the two, with Dutch pubs, terraces for people-watching, and a park in the middle. Leidseplein is a little rowdier, with fire-eating street performers, the Paradiso concert venue, and hard-partying happy-hour bars like Café Amsterdammé.

The clubs. We tried to come up with a noncliché way to say "there's something for everyone," but whatever—there's something for everyone. Here are a few standouts:

- **Melkweg** is probably the best-known club in Amsterdam. It's a behemoth of a building, it's open till all hours, and it hosts everything from photography exhibitions to big-name concerts.
- **Basis** is a laid-back, comfy space with the usual drinks and dancing—but it also has a quirky "bring your own food" policy that allows guests to order takeout or whip up their own microwaveable concoctions. (And they wash the dishes for you.)
- **Escape**, a trendy hot spot and one of the biggest clubs in the city, knows how to throw a major party—with different music in each room and enough space for 2,000 guests. Be warned: The price tags are big, too: You'll pay a pretty hefty cover charge *and* a fee to pee in the bathrooms.
- **Sugar Factory**, a bare-bones, black-walled venue, is a thumping techno club one night and a local jazz club the next—check the schedule before you go.
- **Jimmy Woo** usually has a line (and a hint of exclusivity). The main level is house, with a mainstream lounge upstairs.



WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

Oh, maybe you've heard—prostitution is legal in Amsterdam. Don't forget to enjoy the city's booming sex industry.

The red-light district. It's officially known as De Wallen, and probably the most notorious neighborhood in the city. You can stroll the streets and literally window-shop for women. Prices start at around \$65 for a quickie, but even if you have no intention of making a purchase, the spectacle is worth seeing—and the women beckoning from the windows are surprisingly hot. Just resist the urge to Instagram it—if you're caught snapping pics, you could get your camera (or worse) broken.

Discreet services. If you don't want throngs of passing tourists to watch you haggling with a hooker in De Wallen, use an escort agency or visit a private house, where the nitty-gritty is worked out in a comfy waiting room. Tipping is recommended, of course. You can find reviews of reputable escorts and houses at TheEroticReview.com.

Sex clubs. Picture a strip club where you're allowed to have sex in the champagne room, and you've pretty much nailed it. You can mingle with the girls in the main bar—be prepared to buy them, and yourself, an overpriced drink—before choosing a companion for the private rooms. At a decent club, you might spend as much as \$350 for an hour of one-on-one time. And, like your wallet won't be hurting enough already, beware of scams—you might be coerced into getting a \$500 bottle of champagne or suckered into a \$100 cab ride.

Sex shows. These are basically X-rated variety shows—they typically open with a couple fucking onstage and close, inexplicably, with a “banana trick.” And yeah, it's as seedy as it sounds.

Sexmuseum. You're not getting laid here—that might actually break a few laws—but it's a kitschy tribute to porn, dildos, and the sexual revolution. (There are even a few vintage issues of *Penthouse* on display.)

Fun fact: The “XXX” symbol on flags around the city has nothing to do with the steamy sex industry—the Xs represent Saint Andrew's crosses, the official symbol of Amsterdam.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BACKGROUND) KIM KAMINSKI/ALAMY, (RED-LIGHT DISTRICT) BAILEY-COOPER/PHOTOGRAPHY/ALAMY, (SEX CLUB) JAMES HARRIS/ALAMY, (SEX SHOW) COLSTRUP/ALAMY, (SEX MUSEUM) GAVIN HELLER/ALAMY

WHERE TO GET AN ALIBI

Look, it's not all coffee shops and sex. Amsterdam is full of culture, and even if culture's not your thing, you should probably stop in at a few museums along the way—if only to cover your ass when your girlfriend, boss, or parents ask what you did on vacation. You might actually enjoy these:

Rijksmuseum. The state museum has a massive collection of Dutch masterpieces by Rembrandt, Vermeer, and more. If you're not an art buff, you might prefer the slightly smaller Van Gogh Museum, which features easily recognizable works from the famous ear-chopping artist and some of his contemporaries.


Vondelpark. The biggest park in Amsterdam draws in around ten million visitors each year. Rent a bike and explore the scenery and sculptures, or just sleep off a hangover on the open lawn.

Canal boat tours. This is the quintessential tourist experience in Amsterdam—well, the quintessential *G-rated* tourist experience. It's worth blocking out an hour or two to see the city from sea level. You can hop on a canal bus, book a gourmet dinner cruise, or do the standard tourist thing on a Blue Boat tour.

Queen's Day. If you happen to be in Amsterdam at the end of April, bring your A game—and an orange sweater. Every year on April 30, the Dutch honor the queen by dressing in head-to-toe orange and crowding the streets, bridges, and canals for a day full of hedonism and revelry. (Oh, and national pride, of course.) The Dutch call it *Konninginnedag*, but good luck getting that right after your second beer. The festivities usually kick off with wild parties the night before, followed by a full day of street festivals, basement parties, concerts, and fireworks shows.



ONE LAST TIP

Consider picking up an "I Amsterdam" card, which gets you unlimited public transportation and admission to more than 50 attractions around the city. 







fan dance

Michaela Isizzu is one of the latest porn stars to come out of the Czech Republic, and despite the language barrier, she's making a serious impression on American consumers of adult entertainment. That's not at all surprising, given the 23-year-old's classic good looks, gorgeous hair, and svelte physique.

Photographs by Davide Esposito



